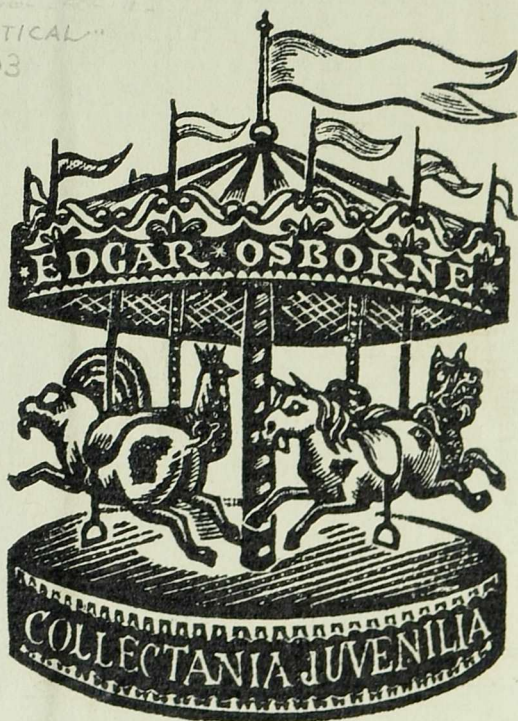


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THE
POETICAL MONITOR:
CONSISTING OF
PIECES SELECT AND ORIGINAL,
FOR THE
IMPROVEMENT OF THE YOUNG
IN
VIRTUE AND PIETY;
INTENDED TO SUCCEED
DR. WATTS' DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS.

“ The Muse's Office was by Heaven design'd

“ To please, instruct, improve, and bless mankind.”



PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
SHAKESPEAR'S WALK FEMALE CHARITY SCHOOL,
ST. GEORGE IN THE EAST.



THIRD EDITION.



LONDON:

Printed by J. Skirven, Ratcliff Highway; and

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TRY; CLEUGH, RATCLIFF-HIGHWAY; AND THE SECRE-
TARY, BY ORDERS SENT TO THE SCHOOL.

1803.

[Price Two Shillings and Six-pence, bound.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

A THIRD EDITION of this little Book, is presented to a candid Public, to whom the Editor acknowledges her increasing obligations. She considers herself much indebted to Gentlemen and Ladies at the head of families, and to those truly respectable Characters, of both sexes, who conduct the most approved Boarding Schools, where this volume has found a very encouraging reception. Whilst a useful and growing Charity is benefitted by the sale, it is the Editor's fervent wish that it may

ADVERTISEMENT.

assist in fixing in the minds of the Young those sentiments and habits of devotion, and every virtue, that constitute and adorn the Christian Character.

An additional volume, of which mention is made in the Dedication, adapted to a period of life somewhat farther advanced, is now resolved upon, and, it is probable, will soon be offered to the candour and protection of the Public.

TO THE
PATRONESSES
OF
THE SHAKESPEAR'S - WALK FEMALE
CHARITY - SCHOOL.

LADIES,

ACCEPT the DEDICATION of this little Volume as a tribute of sincere respect; and permit me to congratulate you on the general approbation with which your benevolent design has been viewed. The advantages you already perceive to result from FEMALE MANAGEMENT and INSPECTION, not only in the orderly behaviour, and cleanliness of

DEDICATION.

the Children, but in their mental improvement (to which they are excited by the hope of your approbation, and encouraged by your rewards) must be an inexhaustible source of satisfaction, as it affords a pleasing prospect of what you have so much at heart, the everlasting good of a number of young Females, many of whom, without your aid, might have been lost in the most unhappy sense of the word. The wish to assist, in some degree, your good purposes, led to the idea of forming this Collection of Poetical Pieces, Devotional and Moral.

The advantages which Dr. Watts suggests as his motive for publishing the DIVINE SONGS, have, I believe been universally admitted. ‘ There is a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties this way.

DEDICATION.

‘What is learnt in verse is longer
‘retained in memory, and sooner re-
‘collected. This will be a constant
‘furniture for the minds of Children,
‘that they may have something to
‘think upon when alone, and sing
‘over to themselves. Thus they
‘will not be forced to seek relief for
‘an emptiness of mind out of the
‘loose and dangerous sonnets of the
‘age.’

And it may be more especially necessary that the minds of the poor should be furnished, early in life, with ideas on important subjects, as they may have little opportunity for further improvement after their entrance on the world. On this account it appeared desirable that those who have learnt the DIVINE SONGS, and been led to understand them * should have some pieces of instructive poetry put

*Vide, MRS. TRIMMER'S Comment.

DEDICATION.

into their hands suited to their rising years: but none of the many Selections extant seemed likely to answer the purpose, as most of the pieces are too sublime to be understood by Children, and, besides, contain classical allusions, with which it is not necessary for those in the lower walks of life ever to be acquainted, nor, perhaps, those of higher rank, in early life: so that for the young, in every sphere, there was a chasm which I have attempted, in part, to fill. And as Religion enters so essentially into human happiness, I persuade myself the greater number of Devotional Pieces in this Collection, when compared with others, will be judged a recommendation. A few Epitaphs are added, as they are known to engage the attention of the young in a greater degree than any other compositions equally instructive and so-

DEDICATION,

lemn. Amid the daily labour, in future life, of those you patronize, perhaps, some verses may be dwelt upon which may tend to strengthen virtuous resolutions, fortify their minds against temptations, excite them to a love of goodness, and prepare them for a future state of purity and bliss.

If some of the pieces with which this Collection begins, should be thought not entirely to coincide with the professed intention of the Editor, it is hoped some allowance will be made from the exalted nature of their subjects: and with respect to a few others which may be supposed above the capacities of those to whom your kind attention extends, in their present early period of life; it may be presumed they will so improve the advantages they now enjoy, that in a little time they will find no diffi-

DEDICATION.

culty in entering into their meaning and spirit. To the young in higher stations, the Parent will delight to explain what is difficult, as well as to enforce what is instructive. For I flatter myself this little Book will not be confined to the Children of the poor; but may be of some use to those most dear to you. And since it is an indispensable part of the duty of such to whom Education is intrusted, to inculcate divine truths on the minds of the young, and engage them on the side of virtue and religion; it is hoped this Publication will fall in with the wishes of not a few of those at the head of Schools; and may be found to unite, with entertainment, such instruction as is suited to the most important end of education.

The few pieces which are peculiarly adapted to Children in Charity

DEDICATION.

Schools, are put together that they may be immediately distinguished.

I have to acknowledge the favour of some original pieces (the Authors of which I was not at liberty to announce) which would have been ornaments to any collection. In introducing moral and amusing subjects, as well as devotional and sacred, I imitate Dr. Watts; and hope it will be found that not a single piece is without some useful tendency.

Should any pecuniary advantage arise from the publication, it will be, with pleasure, applied for the benefit of the Charity. Should loss be sustained, it will rest with the Editor, on whom it will sit lightly from the circumstance of its being kindly intended. If this Volume meet with the approbation of the Public, another may, possibly, follow,

DEDICATION.

suitied to a period of life somewhat farther advanced, and which the supposed chasm appears to admit.

Happy shall I be if my humble efforts contribute to assist your benevolent views—to enable young minds, by proper culture, to exhibit, in future life, examples of true goodness—to feel, themselves, the inexpressible pleasure resulting from virtuous conduct—and to impart to your bosoms, as it were, by a kind of sacred sympathy, a satisfaction and delight that shall never know an end.

I am, LADIES,

With great respect,

Your affectionate Friend,

And Servant in your benevolent design,

The EDITOR.

May 22, 1796.

THE

POETICAL MONITOR.

THE YOUNG PERSON'S PRAYER.—2 CHRON.

i.—7, 12.

I Ask not wealth, nor pomp nor power,
Nor the vain pleasures of an hour :
My soul aspires to nobler things,
Than all the pride and state of kings.
I seek for blessings more divine
Than corn or oil, or richest wine :
If these are sent, I'll praise my God ;
Withheld, still sound his grace abroad.
One thing I ask ; and wilt thou hear,
And grant my soul a gift so dear ?
WISDOM, descending from above ;
The choicest token of thy love :

WISDOM, betimes to know the LORD ;
 To fear his name, and keep his word ;
 To lead my feet in paths of truth,
 And guide and guard my wand'ring youth.
 Then, should'st thou grant a length of days,
 My life shall still proclaim thy praise :
 Or early death my soul convey,
 To realms of everlasting day.

THE APPEAL.

HAST thou beheld the glorious Sun,
 Through all the sky his circuit run,
 At rising morn, at closing day,
 And when he beam'd his noontide ray ?
 Say, did'st thou e'er attentive view
 The evening cloud, or morning dew ?
 Or, after rain, the wat'ry bow,
 Rise in the east, a beauteous show ?
 When darkness had o'erspread the skies,
 Hast thou e'er seen the Moon arise ;
 And, with a mild and placid light,
 Shed lustre o'er the face of night ?
 Hast thou e'er wander'd o'er the plain,
 And view'd the fields, and waving grain ;
 The flow'ry mead, the leafy grove,
 Where all is melody and love ?

Hast thou e'er trod the sandy shore,
 And heard the restless ocean roar,
 When, rous'd by some tremendous storm,
 Its billows roll in dreadful form ?

Hast thou beheld the lightning stream,
 Thro' night's dark gloom with sudden gleam ;
 While the bellowing thunder's sound,
 Roll'd rattling thro' the heaven's profound ?

Hast thou e'er felt the cutting gale,
 The sleety shower, the biting hail ;
 Beheld bright snow o'erspread the plains ;
 The water, bound in icy chains ?

Hast thou the various beings seen,
 That sport along the valley green ;
 That sweetly warble on the spray,
 Or wanton in the sunny ray ;

That shoot along the briny deep,
 Or under ground their dwellings keep ;
 That thro' the gloomy forest range,
 Or frightful wilds and deserts strange ?

Hast thou the wond'rous scenes survey'd,
 That all around thee are display'd ;
 And hast thou never rais'd thine eyes
 To HIM who caus'd these scenes to rise ?

'Twas GOD who form'd the concave sky,
 And all the shining orbs on high ;

Who gave the various beings birth,
 That people all the spacious earth.
 'Tis HE that bids the tempest rise,
 And rolls the thunder through the skies :
 His voice the elements obey ;
 Thro' all the earth extends his sway.
 His goodness all his creatures share ;
 But MAN is his peculiar care :
 Then, while they all proclaim his praise,
 Let MAN his voice the loudest raise.

GOD IN THE CREATION.

THERE is a GOD, all nature speaks,
 Through earth and air, and sea and skies ;
 See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
 When the first beams of morning rise.
 The rising Sun, serenely bright,
 O'er the wide world's extended frame,
 Inscribes, in characters of light,
 His mighty Maker's glorious name.
 Unbounded goodness, power divine,
 The fields and verdant meads display ;
 And bless the hand that made them shine,
 With varied charms, profusely gay.
 For man and beast, here daily food
 In wide diffusive plenty grows :

And there, for drink, the crystal flood,
 In streams, sweet winding, gently flows.
 By cooling streams and soft'ning showers,
 The vegetable race are fed ;
 And trees and plants, and herbs and flowers,
 Their Maker's bounty, smiling, spread.
 The flow'ry tribes, all blooming, rise
 Above the weak attempts of art ;
 Their bright inimitable dyes,
 Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
 And trace creation's wonders o'er ;
 Confess the footsteps of THE GOD,
 And bow before Him, and adore.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

LORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys
 Creation's beauties o'er,
 All nature joins to teach thy praise,
 And bid our souls adore.
 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
 Thy radiant footsteps shine ;
 Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
 And speak their source divine.
 The living tribes of countless forms,
 In earth, and sea, and air ;

The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.

Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, LORD,
In all thy works appear ;

And, Oh ! let man thy praise record ;
Man, thy distinguished care !

From thee the breath of life he drew ;
That breath thy power maintains :

Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd :
By revelation's brighter rays,
Still more divinely bless'd.

Thy Providence his constant guard,
When various woes impend :
Thou wilt the threat'ning dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.

On me that Providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays :
Oh ! let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise !

LINES

Written by the Proprietor of Hawkestone, an elegant Seat
in Shropshire, when contemplating the Scenes around
him, in his own Park.

WHILE all thy glories, O my GOD !

Thro' the creation shine ;

While rocks and hills, and fertile vales,

Proclaim the hand divine :

Oh ! may I view with humble heart,

The wonders of thy pow'r,

Display'd alike in wilder scenes,

As in each blade and flow'r.

But while I taste thy blessings, LORD !

And sip the streams below ;

Oh ! may my soul be led to thee,

From whom all blessings flow.

And if such footsteps of thy love

Thro' this lost world we trace ;

How far transcendent are thy works

Throughout the world of grace !

Just as before yon noon-tide Sun,

The brightest stars are small ;

So earthly comforts are but snares,

Till grace has crown'd them all.

The above verses are to be seen in a natural cavern of a vast rock, from the top of
which is a very diversified and romantic prospect.

AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

GREATEST of Beings! source of life!

Sov'reign of air, and earth, and sea!

All nature feels thy pow'r, and all

A silent homage pay to thee.

Wak'd at thy call, the morning sun

Pours forth to thee its earliest rays;

And spreads thy glories as it climbs;

While raptur'd worlds look up and praise.

The Moon, to the deep shades of night,

Speaks the mild lustre of thy name;

While all the stars, that cheer the scene,

Thee, the great LORD of light, proclaim.

And groves and vales, and rocks and hills,

And ev'ry flow'r and ev'ry tree,

Ten thousand creatures, warm with life,

Have each a grateful song for thee.

But man was form'd to rise to Heav'n;

And, blest with reason's clearer light,

He views his Maker thro' his works,

And glows with rapture at the sight.

Subject to wants, to Thee he looks,

And from thy goodness seeks supplies;

And, when oppress'd with guilt, he mourns,

Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.

Children, whose little minds unform'd,
 Ne'er rais'd a tender thought to Heav'n;
 And men, whom reason lifts to God,
 Tho' oft by passion downward driven;
 Such too, who bend with age and care,
 And faint and tremble near the tomb;
 Who, sick'ning at the present scenes,
 Sigh for that better state to come;
 All, great Creator! all are thine:
 All feel thy providential care:
 And through each varying stage of life,
 Alike thy constant pity share.
 And whether grief oppress the heart,
 Or whether joy elate the breast;
 Or life still keep its little course,
 Or death invite the heart to rest:
 All are thy messengers, and all
 Thy sacred pleasure, LORD, obey;
 And all are training man to dwell
 Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.

THE CALL OF GRATITUDE.

HOW cheerful along the gay mead,
 The daisy and cowslip appear;
 The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
 Rejoice in the spring of the year.

The myrtles that shade the gay bowers,
 The herbage that springs from the sod,
 Trees, plants, cooling fruits and sweet flowers,
 All rise to the praise of my God.

Shall Man, the great Master of all,
 The only insensible prove ?
 Forbid it, fair Gratitude's call !
 Forbid it, devotion and love !

The LORD, who such wonders could raise ;
 And still can destroy with a nod,
 My lips shall incessantly praise,
 My heart shall rejoice in my God.

"GIVING THANKS UNTO GOD ALWAYS IN
 ALL THINGS."

GREAT GOD ! my joyful thanks to thee
 Shall, like thy gifts, continual be :
 In constant streams thy bounty flows,
 Nor end nor intermission knows.
 Thy kindness ev'ry blessing gives ;
 My num'rous wants thy hand relieves ;
 Nor can I ever, LORD, be poor,
 Who live on thine exhaustless store.
 If what I wish, thy will denies,
 'Tis because thou art good and wise ;
 Afflictions, which may make me mourn,
 Thou can'st, thou dost, to blessings turn.

Deep, LORD, upon my thankful breast,
 Let all thy favours be imprest ;
 That I may never more forget
 The sum, or any single debt.
 May I, with grateful heart, each day,
 For daily gifts, my praises pay ;
 Delighted may I always be,
 In all things to give thanks to Thee.

PRAISING GOD THROUGH OUR EXISTENCE

YES, I will bless thee, O my GOD !

Through all my mortal days ;
 And, to eternity prolong,
 Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

In ev'ry smiling, happy hour,
 Be this my sweet employ ;
 Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
 And doubles all my joy.

When gloomy care and keen distress
 Afflict my throbbing breast,
 My tears shall learn to speak thy praise,
 And lull each pain to rest.

Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
 The honours of my GOD ;
 My life, with all its active pow'rs,
 Shall spread thy praise abroad.

Not death itself shall end my song,
 Tho' death will close my eyes :
 My thoughts shall then to nobler heights,
 And sweeter raptures rise.
 How will my happy spirit mount,
 Confin'd in flesh no more,
 Up to thy courts, where kindred minds,
 In countless ranks adore.
 There shall my lips, in endless praise,
 Their grateful tribute pay ;
 The theme demands an angel's tongue,
 And an eternal day.

PRAISE TO GOD IN PROSPERITY AND
 ADVERSITY.

PRAISE to GOD, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days ;
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ :
 For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield,
 For the vine's exalted juice,
 For the gen'rous olive's use.
 Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews ;
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :

All that Spring, with bounteous hand
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
 All that lib'ral Autumn pours
 From her rich o'erflowing stores :
 These to thee, my GOD, we owe,
 Source from whence all blessings flow ;
 And for these my soul shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
 From its stem the ripening ear ;
 Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot,
 Drop her green, untimely fruit ;
 Should the vine put forth no more,
 Nor the olive yield her store ;
 Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
 And the herds desert the stall ;
 Should thine alter'd hand restrain
 The early and the latter rain,
 Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
 And the rising year destroy ;
 Yet, to thee my soul should raise
 Grateful vows, and solemn praise ;
 And when every blessing's flown,
 Love thee for thyself alone.

GRATITUDE TO GOD.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise !
Oh ! how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart ?
But thou canst read it there.
Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
Or hung upon the breast.
To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.
Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence those comforts flow'd.
When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,

It gently clear'd my way:

And through the pleasing snares of vice,

More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou

With health renew'd my face;

And when in sin and sorrow sunk,

Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand, with worldly bliss,

Has made my cup run o'er;

And, in a kind and faithful friend,

Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,

My daily thanks employ;

Nor is the least a chearful heart

That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through ev'ry period of my life,

Thy goodness I'll pursue!

And, after death, in distant worlds,

The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night

Divide thy works no more,

My ever grateful heart, O LORD!

Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to thee

A joyful song I'll raise:

But Oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

INGRATITUDE.

WHAT love, what honour, thanks and praise,
O GOD, most high, we owe to thee!
Yet what thy Providence displays,
We often with indifference see.
When harvest strips the fruitful plain,
And fills our empty barns with store
We eat, we drink, we plant again,
Nor bless thee, nor thy aid implore,
When frost or mildew blasts our seed,
Of Providence we make our moan;
But when our annual toils succeed,
We think the merit all our own.
When poverty or pain oppress,
Thy kind assistance we implore;
But when reliev'd, we scarce confess,
Or think upon, thy goodness more.
Ingratitude! thou child of Hell!
Shalt thou the human breast pollute;
And from our hearts all thanks expel,
And make us sink beneath the brute?
Good GOD! shall Man ungrateful be,
To whom the whole creation's giv'n?

Shall he not raise his soul to Thee,
 And bless the bounteous hand of Heav'n?
 For all the favours we enjoy,
 Let us, O LORD, exalt thy name;
 And all our faculties employ,
 To do thy will, and spread thy fame.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro';
 Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.
 My thoughts, before they are my own,
 Are to my GOD distinctly known;
 He knows the words I mean to speak,
 Ere from my op'ning lips they break.
 Within thy circling power I stand;
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand:
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with GOD!
 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
 What large extent! what lofty height!
 My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast,
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.
 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!

Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for GOD is there.

PAUSE.

COULD I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, LORD, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

If up to Heaven I take my flight;
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to Hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains,

If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea:
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night;
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

Oh! may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for GOD is there.

SECRET DEVOTION.

FATHER DIVINE, thy piercing eye
 Looks through the shades of night ;
 In deep retirement thou art nigh,
 With heart-discerning sight.
 There shall that piercing eye survey
 My humble worship paid,
 With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
 And ev'ry evening's shade.
 I'll leave behind each earthly care ;
 To thee my soul shall soar ;
 While grateful praise, and fervent prayer,
 Employ the silent hour.
 So shall the sun in smiles arise ;
 The day shall close in peace ;
 So wilt thou train me for the skies,
 Where joys shall never cease.

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD IMITATED.

LORD ! I would be a child of thine,
 And thy blest image ever bear :
 Deeply impress this heart of mine,
 With glories which I cannot share.
 Let these my admiration raise,
 And fill me with religious awe :

Tune both my heart and tongue to praise,
And bend me to thy holy law.

But where I CAN resemble thee,
And in the godlike nature share;
Thy humble follower let me be,
And somewhat of thy likeness bear.

Pure may I be, averse to sin,
Just, holy, merciful, and true;
And let thine image, form'd within,
Shine out in all I speak, and do.

THE SONG OF ANGELS.

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For Angels, no such love have known,
To wake a rapt'rous song.

Good-will to guilty men is shewn,
And peace on earth is giv'n;
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes,
With messages from Heav'n.

Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn:
Let Heaven and Earth in concert join,
Now such a child is born.

Glory to God, in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid:

His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

When we shall reach those blissful realms,
Where Christ exalted reigns :
We'll learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

ARISE, and hail the happy day;
Cast all low cares of life away,
And thought of meaner things :
This day, to cure our deadly woes,
The Sun of Righteousness arose,
With healing in his wings.
If Angels, on that happy morn,
The Saviour of the world was born,
Pour'd forth their joyful songs :
Much more should we of human race,
Adore the wonders of his grace,
To whom that grace belongs.
How wonderful! how vast, his love!
Who left the shining realms above,
Those happy seats of rest !
How much for human kind he bore,
Their peace and pardon to restore,
Can never be exprest.

Oh! then, let Heaven and Earth rejoice,
Let ev'ry creature join his voice,

To hail the happy day;

When Satan's empire vanquish'd, fell,

And all the powers of Death and Hell

Confest his sov'reign sway.

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace;

The chosen of the LORD,

God's well-beloved Son, fulfills

The promise of his word.

No royal pomp adorns

The King of Righteousness;

Meekness and patience, truth and love,

Compose his princely dress.

Jesus, the light of men!

His doctrine, life imparts;

Oh! may we feel its quick'ning power,

To warm and glad our hearts!

Cheer'd by its beams, our souls

Shall run the heav'nly way;

The path which Christ hath mark'd and trod,

Will lead to endless day.

THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION.

COME, said JESUS' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice :
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come !

Thou who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roam'd the barren waste ;
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !

Ye who, toss'd on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes,
Watch to see the morning rise ;

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In strong remorse for guilt, who mourn ;
Here repose your heavy care :
A wounded spirit who can bear ?

Sinner come ! for here is found,
Balm that flows for every wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

THE DYING LOVE OF CHRIST.

AMAZING love ! that stoop'd so low,
To view with pity's melting eye,

Vile men, whose just desert was woe !
 Amazing love !—did JESUS die ?
 He died !—to raise to life and joy
 The vile, the guilty, the undone :
 Oh ! let his praise each hour employ,
 Till hours no more their circles run !
 He died !—ye Seraphs, tune your songs,
 Resound, resound the Saviour's name :
 For nought below immortal tongues
 Can ever reach the wond'rous theme.

THE ANGEL'S REPLY TO THE WOMEN
 WHO SOUGHT CHRIST.

YE humble souls, that seek the LORD !
 Chase all your fears away :
 And bow with pleasure down to see
 The place where Jesus lay.
 Thus low the LORD of Life was brought :
 Such wonders love can do ;
 Thus cold in death, that bosom lay,
 Which throbb'd and bled for you.
 Now, dry your tears, and tune your songs :
 The Saviour lives again :
 Not all the bolts and bars of death
 The Conqueror could detain.

With joy like His, shall ev'ry saint,
 His empty tomb survey ;
 Then rise with his ascending LORD,
 To realms of endless day.

THE RESURRECTION.

'CHRIST, the LORD, is risen to day,'
 Sons of men, and Angels say !
 Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
 Sing, ye Heavens, and Earth reply.
 Love's redeeming work is done ;
 Fought the fight, the battle won :
 Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er :
 Lo ! he sets in blood no more.
 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
 Christ hath burst the gates of Hell :
 Death, in vain, forbids his rise ;
 Christ hath open'd Paradise.
 Lives again, our glorious King !
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
 Once he dy'd our souls to save ;
 Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?

EASTER DAY.

THIS day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung ;

Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join,
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

JESUS, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion mov'd,
Descended, like a pitying GOD,
To save the souls he lov'd.

The powers of darkness leagu'd in vain
To bind his soul in death ;
He shook their kingdom when he fell,
With his expiring breath.

Not long the toils of Hell could keep
The hope of Judah's line :
Corruption never could take hold
On aught so much divine.

And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies ;
While broke, beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high, at GOD's right hand,
The LORD of all below :
Through him is pardoning love dispens'd,
And boundless blessings flow.

And still, for erring, guilty man,
 A brother's pity flows ;
 And still his bleeding heart is touch'd
 With memory of our woes.
 To thee, my Saviour and my King,
 Glad homage let me give ;
 And stand prepar'd like thee to die,
 With thee, that I may live.

THE SAVIOUR REMEMBERED.

'EAT, drink, in mem'ry of your friend ;'
 Such was our SAVIOUR's last request ;
 Who all the pangs of death endur'd,
 That we might live for ever blest.
 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
 Thou dearest, tend'rest, best of friends ;
 Thy dying love, the noblest praise
 Of long eternity transcends.
 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,
 Thy goodness through these veils to see ;
 Thy table, food celestial yields ;
 And happy they who sit with thee.
 But oh ! what vast, transporting joys
 Shall fill our breasts, our tongues inspire,
 When, join'd with the celestial train,
 Our grateful souls thy love admire !

When these vile bodies, all refin'd,
 Perfect and glorious as thine own,
 Unwearied shall our minds obey,
 And join to make thy favours known.

DIVINE LOVE DISPLAYED IN THE BLESSINGS
 OF THE GOSPEL.

NOW let my soul, Eternal King !
 To thee its grateful tribute bring :
 My knee with humble homage bow ;
 My tongue perform its solemn vow.
 All nature sings thy boundless love,
 In worlds below, and worlds above :
 But, in thy blessed word, I trace
 Diviner wonders of thy grace.

There, what delightful truths I read !
 There I behold a Saviour bleed :
 His name salutes my list'ning ear,
 Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

There, Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
 And gives my labouring conscience peace ;
 Raises my grateful passions high,
 And points to mansions in the sky.

For love like this, Oh ! let my song,
 Through endless years, thy praise prolong,
 And distant climes thy name adore,
 Till time and nature are no more.

NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom Angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?
Ashamed of JESUS! sooner far
Let evening blush to own her star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of JESUS! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.

Ashamed of JESUS! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of Heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Ashamed of JESUS! Yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I'll boast a Saviour slain!
And Oh! may this my glory be,
That CHRIST is not ashamed of me!

‘WHOSE I AM, AND WHOM I SERVE.’

JESUS, my LORD, I own thy right,
 To ev’ry service I can pay ;
 And call it my supreme delight,
 To hear thy dictates, and obey.
 What is my being, but for Thee,
 Its sure support, its noblest end ?
 Thine ever-smiling face to see,
 And serve the cause of such a friend ?
 I would not breathe for wordly joy,
 Or to increase my worldly good ;
 Nor future days or pow’rs employ,
 To spread a sounding name abroad.
 ’Tis to my Saviour I would live ;
 To Him, who for my ransom died :
 Nor could untainted Eden give,
 Such bliss as blossoms at his side.
 His work my hoary age shall bless,
 When youthful vigour is no more ;
 And my last hour of life confess,
 His love hath animating pow’r.

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
 Appears each grace divine :

The virtues all in Jesus met,
 With mildest radiance shine.

The largest love of human kind
 Inspir'd his godlike breast ;
 In deeds of mercy, words of peace,
 His kindness was exprest.

To spread the rays of heav'nly light,
 To give the mourner joy,
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,
 Was his divine employ.

Lowly in heart, by all his friends,
 A friend and servant found ;
 He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
 And heal'd each bleeding wound.

'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
 Patient and meek he stood ;
 His foes, ungrateful, sought his life ;
 He labour'd for their good.

In the last hour of deep distress,
 Before his Father's throne,
 With soul resign'd, he bow'd and said,
 ' Thy will, not mine, be done.'

Be Christ my pattern, and my guide !
 His image may I bear !
 O may I tread his sacred steps,
 And his bright glories share !

THE HEAVENLY VISITANT.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door !
 He gently knocks, has knock'd before :
 Has waited long, is waiting still ;
 You use no other friend so ill.
 But will he prove a friend indeed ?
 He will ; the very friend you need ;
 The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He
 With garments dy'd from Calvary.
 O lovely attitude ! he stands
 With melting heart and open hands ;
 O matchless kindness ! and he shows
 This matchless kindness to his foes.
 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
 Turn out his enemy and thine ;
 Turn out that hateful monster Sin,
 And let the heavenly stranger in.
 Yet know, nor of the terms complain :
 Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign ;
 To reign, and with no partial sway :
 Ee'n thoughts must die that disobey.
 Sov'reign of Souls ! thou Prince of Peace !
 O may thy gentle reign increase !
 Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
 And be his empire—**ALL MANKIND.**

DELAY.

HASTEN, Sinner, to be wise ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun :
 Th' longer Wisdom you despise,
 Harder is she to be won.

Hasten, mercy to implore ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 Lest thy season should be o'er,
 Ere this evening's stage be run.

Hasten, Sinner, to return :
 Stay not for the morrow's sun :
 Lest thy lamp should fail to burn,
 Ere salvation's work is done.

Hasten, Sinner, to be blest :
 Stay not for the morrow's sun :
 Lest perdition thee arrest,
 Ere the morrow is begun.

CONTRITION.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears,
 Contrition's humble sighs ;
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eyes :
 See, low before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn :

Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?

Hast thou not said—‘ return ?’

And shall my guilty fears prevail,

To drive me from thy feet ?

Oh ! let not this dear refuge fail,

This only safe retreat.

Absent from thee, my Guide ! my Light !

Without one cheering ray :

Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,

How desolate my way !

Oh ! shine on this benighted heart ;

With beams of mercy shine !

And let thy healing voice impart

A taste of joys divine.

VIRTUE ADDRESSING THE YOUNG.

OF Pleasure’s gilded baits beware,

Nor venture near her fatal snare :

Virtue unwelcome truths may tell ;

But mark my sacred lesson well :

With me, whoever lives at strife,

Loses his better friend for life :

With me, who lives in friendship’s ties,

Finds all that’s sought for by the wise.

Folly exclaims, and well she may,

Because I take her mask away.

If once I bring her to the sun,
 The painted harlot is undone.
 But prize, my child, oh ! prize my rules,
 And leave deception to her fools.

With ME true pleasure's found—for know,
 I'm all that's happiness below.

To vice I leave tumultuous joys ;
 Mine is the still and softer voice,
 That whispers peace, when storms invade ;
 And music, through the midnight shade.
 Come, then, be mine in ev'ry part,
 Nor give me less than all your heart :
 When troubles discompose your breast,
 I'll enter there a cheerful guest :
 My converse shall your cares beguile ;
 The little world within shall smile.

And, when the closing scenes prevail ;
 When wealth, state, pleasure, all shall fail ;
 All that a thoughtless world admires,
 Or passion craves, or pride inspires ;
 At that important hour of need,
 VIRTUE shall prove a friend indeed !
 My hands shall smooth thy dying bed ;
 My arm sustain thy drooping head :
 And, when the painful struggle's o'er,
 And that vain thing, the world, no more ;
 I'll bear my fav'rite child away,
 To rapture, and eternal day.

THE PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

'TIS religion that can give
 Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
 'Tis religion must supply,
 Solid comfort when we die.
 After death, its joys will be
 Lasting as Eternity :
 Let me, then, make GOD my Friend,
 And on all his ways attend.

LORD'S DAY MORNING..

AGAIN my weekly labours end,
 And I the sabbath's call attend :
 Improve, my soul, the sacred rest,
 And seek to be for ever blest.
 This day, let my devotions rise
 To heav'n, a grateful sacrifice :
 And GOD, that peace divine bestow,
 Which none but those who feel it know.
 This holy calm within the breast,
 Prepares for that eternal rest,
 Which for the sons of GOD remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.
 In holy duties, let the day,
 In holy pleasures, pass away :

How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end !

THE ETERNAL SABBATH.

THINE earthly sabbaths, LORD, we love :
But there's a nobler rest above :
Thy servants to that rest aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.
No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
That warble on immortal tongues.

No rude alarm of angry foes ;
No cares to break the long repose :
No midnight shade, no clouded sun ;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
Thine earthly sabbaths. LORD, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
Thy servants to that rest aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

A WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on ;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around,

Hold thee in full survey :

Forget the steps already trod,

And onward urge thy way.

'Tis GOD's all-animating voice,

That calls thee from on high ;

'Tis his own hand presents the prize

To thine aspiring eye :

That prize, with peerless glories bright,

Which shall new lustre boast,

When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems,

Shall blend in common dust.

My soul, with sacred ardour fir'd,

The glorious prize pursue ;

And meet with joy the high command,

To bid this earth adieu.

THE HAPPY INFLUENCE OF LOVE TO GOD.

LET gratitude in acts of goodness flow :

My love to GOD, in love to man below.

Be this my joy—to calm the troubled breast,

Support the weak, and succour the distress ;

Direct the wand'rer, dry the widow's tear ;

The orphan guard, the sinking spirits cheer.

Tho' small my pow'r to act, tho' mean my skill,
 GOD sees the heart, he judges by the will.

LOVE TO OUR NEIGHBOUR.

O GOD, my Father, and my King!
 Of all I have, or hope, the spring!
 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 And warm my heart with holy love.
 May I from ev'ry act abstain,
 That hurts, or gives my neighbour pain:
 And ev'ry secret wish suppress,
 That would abridge his happiness.
 Still may I feel my heart inclin'd,
 To be the friend of all mankind:
 Still wish them safety, health and ease,
 Wealth, fame, eternal life, and peace.
 With pity let my breast o'erflow,
 When I behold another's woe;
 And bear a sympathizing part,
 Whene'er I meet a wounded heart.
 And let my neighbour's prosp'rous state,
 A mutual joy in me create;
 His virtuous triumph let me join;
 His peace and happiness be mine.
 Let love through all my conduct shine,
 An image fair, though faint, of thine!

Let me thy humble follower prove,
 Father of men, great GOD OF LOVE!

THE PROPER RETURN FOR MATERNAL
 TENDERNESS.

THY Mother honour—for her arms
 Secured thee from a thousand harms:
 When, helpless, hanging on her breast,
 She sooth'd thy infant heart to rest:
 Thoughtful of thee, before the day
 Shot through the dark, its rising ray;
 Thoughtful of thee, when sable night
 Again had quench'd the beams of light;
 To Heaven, in ceaseless prayer for thee,
 She rais'd her hand, and bent her knee.
 Neglect her not, when feeble grown:
 Oh! make her wants and woes thy own:
 Let not thy lips rebel; nor eyes,
 Her weakness, frailty, years, despise.
 From youthful insolence defend:
 Be patron, husband, guardian, friend.
 Thus shalt thou sooth in life's decline,
 The mis'ries that may all be thine.

THE GRATEFUL TRIBUTE OF CHILDREN
 ON THE RECOVERY OF A PARENT.

AGAIN the purple tide of health,
 That blessing dearer far than wealth,

Returns, and bids each hope revive,
With every joy which health can give.

Then, to the LORD we'll raise our voice ;
In strains of gratitude rejoice :

'Twas He who kindly sought the bed,
And rais'd the sad, dejected head.

To Him let daily thanks ascend,
Who sav'd our Parent and our Friend :
Still let our voice in concertjoin,
To bless his goodness all divine.

DOMESTIC PEACE AND LOVE.

HOW good and pleasant is the sight,
Where kindred souls agree !

How blest the house where hearts unite
In bands of piety !

All in their proper stations move ;
And each fulfills his part,
In ev'ry care of life and love,
With sympathizing heart.

How happy are the sons of peace !
Their hearts and hopes are one :
And kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

Here peace, like morning dew, distils
Its blessings from above ;

While grateful joy each bosom fills,
And every heart is love.

THE YOUNG UNITING IN DEVOTIONAL
EXERCISES.

HIGH in the shining courts above,
God reigns the sovereign King;
And Angels round his throne of love,
Sweet Hallelujahs sing.

He smiles on every pious mind,
And stoops their songs to hear:
And not to those bright realms confined;
Accepts his children's prayer.

He sees where youthful hearts unite,
And form a social band;
And Jesus ever takes delight,
To guide them with his hand.

Their conversation, and their prayers,
Are music in his ears;
His smiles dispel their gloomy cares,
And dissipate their fears.

Oh! how they scorn those empty joys
Which earthly minds pursue:
Celestial love their bosom warms
With bliss that's ever new.

The shining of Jehovah's face,
 And Jesus' dying love,
 Allure them through the wilderness,
 To brighter joys above.

Oh! did the young around, but know,
 How great their pleasures are ;
 They would each golden joy forego,
 Such matchless bliss to share.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

COME, let us search our ways, and try :
 Have they been just and right ?

Is the great rule of equity,
 Our practice and delight ?

What we would have our neighbour do,
 Have we still done the same ?
 And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,
 Nor injure his good name ?

Have we not found our envy grow,
 To hear another's praise ?
 Nor robb'd him of his honour due,
 By sly, malicious ways ?

In all we sell, and all we buy,
 Is honesty our guide ?

Does thirst of gain, from virtue's path,
 Ne'er draw our feet aside ?

Then may we raise our modest pray'r
 To God, the just and kind :
 May humbly cast on him our care,
 And hope his grace to find.

THE RIGHT USE OF PROSPERITY.

MY gracious God! accept my pray'r ;
 If e'er thy love divine
 Should prosper my well-meaning care,
 And wealth should e'er be mine :
 May humble worth, without a fear,
 Approach my open door ;
 Nor may I ever view a tear,
 Regardless, from the poor.
 O bless me with an honest mind,
 Above all selfish ends ;
 Humanely warm to all mankind,
 And cordial to my friends.
 With conscious truth and honour still,
 My actions may I guide ;
 Nor know a fear, but that of ill,
 Nor scorn, but that of pride.
 Thee in remembrance may I bear,
 To thee my tribute raise ;
 Conclude each day with fervent prayer,
 And wake each morn with praise.

MERCY.

I HEAR the voice of woe :
 A brother mortal mourns :
 My eyes with tears, for tears o'erflow ;
 My heart his sighs returns.

I hear the thirsty cry,
 The famish'd beg for bread :
 O let my spring its streams supply,
 My hand its bounty shed.

And shall not wrath relent,
 Touch'd by that humble strain,
 My Brother crying, ' I repent,
 ' Nor will offend again ?

How else, on sprightly wing,
 Can hope bear high my pray'r,
 Up to thy throne, my GOD, my King.
 To plead for pardon there ?

LOVE TO ENEMIES.

WHEN Christ, among the sons of men,
 In humble form was found,
 With cruel slander, false and vain,
 He was encompass'd round.
 The woes of men his pity mov'd ;
 Their peace, he still pursu'd ;

They render'd hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

Their malice rag'd without a cause ;
Yet, with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.

From the rich fountain of his love,
What streams of mercy flow !
' Father, forgive them,' Jesus cries,
' They know not what they do.'

Let not this bright example shine
In vain before our eyes !
Give us, great GOD, a soul like his,
To love our enemies,

PARAPHRASE OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

FATHER, ador'd in worlds above !
Thy glorious name be hallow'd still ;
Thy kingdom come with power and love ;
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

LORD ! make our daily wants thy care ;
Forgive the sins which we forsake ;
Oh ! let us in thy kindness share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

Evils beset us ev'ry hour ;
Thy kind protection we implore :

Thine is the kingdom, thine the pow'r;
Be thine the glory evermore !

REMEMBER THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS
OF THY YOUTH.

IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb :

REMEMBER THY CREATOR, GOD ;
For him thy pow'rs employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

He shall defend and guide thy course,
Through life's uncertain sea ;
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of bless'd eternity.

Then, seek the LORD betimes, and choose
The path of heav'nly truth :
The earth affords no lovelier sight,
Than a RELIGIOUS YOUTH.

THE YOUNG SEEKING DIVINE GUIDANCE.

NOW, in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know :

O GOD, thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.

Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care ;

Help me to choose the way of truth,
And flee from ev'ry snare.

My heart to folly prone,
Renew by power divine :

Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

Oh ! let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ :

Be this through all my future days,
My treasure and my joy.

To what thy laws impart,
Be my whole soul inclin'd :

Oh ! let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

May thy young Servant learn,
By these to cleanse his way ;

And in thy word the path discern,
That leads to endless day.

THE WISE CHOICE.

BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand :

FATHER DIVINE ! diffuse thy light,
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
 Engage this frail, and wav'ring heart,
 Wisely to choose the better part ;
 To scorn the trifles of a day,
 For joys that never fade away.

Then let the wildest storms arise ;
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear ;
 But all my treasures with me bear.

If thou, my FATHER ! still be nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and peaceful die :
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in thee:

A THOUGHT ON WAKING.

SLEEP by night, and cares by day,
 Bear my fleeting life away ;
 Lo ! in yonder eastern skies,
 The sun appears, and bids me rise ;
 Tells me, ' Life is on the wing,
 ' And has no returning spring :
 ' Death comes on with steady pace,
 ' And life's the only day of grace.'
 Shining Preacher ! happy morning,
 Let me take th' important warning ;

Rouse then all my active pow'rs,
 Well improve the coming hours :
 Let no trifles kill the day,
 (Trifles oft our hearts betray)

VIRTUE, SCIENCE, KNOWLEDGE, TRUTH,
 Guide th' enquiries of my youth.
 Wisdom and experience sage,
 Then shall sooth the cares of age ;
 Those with time shall never die ;
 Those will lead to joys on high ;
 Those the path of life display,
 Shining with celestial day ;
 Blissful path ! with safety trod,
 The end of which is HEAVEN and GOD.

THE FEATHERED TRIBE OUR INSTRUCTORS.

WHEN morning comes, the birds arise,
 And tune their voices tow'rd the skies ;
 With warbling notes, and hallow'd lays,
 They shew their great Creator's praise.
 Shall I, then, from my chamber go,
 Or any work presume to do,
 Before I've sought the GOD of Heav'n,
 And my just morning tribute giv'n ?
 Come, then, my Soul, awake and pray,
 And praise thy Maker day by day ;

Bless him for raiment, health and food,
 And for each peaceful night's abode.
 Lest ev'ry bird's harmonious song
 Reproach me as I walk along,
 Thoughtless of Him, whose guardian pow'r,
 Upholds and keeps me ev'ry hour.

A MORNING HYMN.

TO Thee let my first off'rings rise,
 Whose sun creates the day;
 Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies.
 And spotless as his ray.
 What numbers, with heart-piercing sighs,
 Have past this tedious night!
 What numbers too, have clos'd their eyes,
 No more to see the light!
 Sound was my sleep, my dreams were gay:
 How short such time review'd!
 My night stole unperceiv'd away;
 I'm like the day, renew'd.
 This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh,
 So oft vouchsaf'd before;
 Still may it lead, protect, supply,
 And I that hand adore.
 If bliss thy Providence impart,
 For which, resign'd, I pray,

Give me to feel the grateful heart,
And without guilt be gay.

Affliction, should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure ;

Patient to gain that blessed end,
May I the means endure.

If bright or cloudy scenes await ;
Some virtue let me gain ;

That Heaven, nor high, nor low estate,
When sent, may send in vain.

Be this, and ev'ry future day,
Still wiser than the past ;

That, from the whole of life's survey,
I may find peace at last.

LIVING IN THE FEAR OF GOD ALL THE DAY.

THREE happy they who born from heav'n,
While yet they sojourn here,
Each day of life with GOD begin,
And spend it in his fear !

'Midst hourly cares, may I present
My off'rings to thy throne ;

And, while the world my HANDS employs,
My HEART be thine alone.

As sanctify'd to noblest ends,

Be each refreshment sought ;

And by each various providence,
Some wise instruction brought.

When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations try'd,

I'll seek the shelter of thy wings
And in thy strength confide.

As diff'rent scenes of life arise,
My grateful heart would be
With thee, amid the social band,
In solitude, with thee.

In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all my days be past ;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear, the last.

INDUSTRY.

BEHOLD, fond Youth. that busy Bee ;
How swift she flies from tree to tree,
Extracting flow'ry sweets ;
Thus cheerful all the day she'll roam,
At evening seek her much-lov'd home,
To treasure all she meets.

Full well she knows that winter keen,
Must come to blast this painted scene,
With famine on his wing ;

Her prudent labours find repose ;
 Nor winter's cold, nor want she knows,
 Till time renews the spring.

While yonder drone, in sunny haunts,
 Who just supplies his present wants,
 Nor heeds the passing hours ;
 Soon bleak December's piercing air,
 Shall mock his want of timely care,
 And chill his vital pow'rs.

Like the dull Drone, shall he who throws
 Away what Providence bestows,
 Feel the pinching hand of need ;
 While they whose care is to increase,
 Find, like the Bee, in winter, peace,
 And every good succeed.

'GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.'

FOUNTAIN of Blessing ! ever bless'd ;
 Enriching all, of all possess'd :
 By whom the whole creation's fed !
 Give me, each day, my daily bread.
 To Thee, my very life I owe ;
 From Thee do all my comforts flow ;
 And every blessing that I need,
 Must from thy bounteous hand proceed.

Great things are not what I desire,
 Nor dainty meat, nor rich attire :
 Content with little would I be ;
 That little, LORD. must come from Thee.
 While wicked men, with all their store,
 Are ever grasping after more ;
 With Agur's wish content I'll live,
 Nor grudge them all the world can give.

SELF-EXAMINATION FOR THE EVENING.

AND now, my soul, the circling sun
 Has all his beams withdrawn :
 Once more his daily race is run,
 And gloomy night comes on.
 Thus one day more of life is gone ;
 A doubtful few remain :
 Come, then, review what thou hast done,
 Eternal life to gain.
 Dost thou get forward in thy race,
 As time still posts away ?
 And die to sin, and grow in grace,
 With ev'ry passing day ?
 This day, what conquests hast thou gain'd ?
 What sin is overcome ?
 What fresh degree of grace obtain'd,
 To bring thee nearer home ?

Alas! this life will soon be past ;

'Tis dying ev'ry day :

But do thy hopes make equal haste ?

Or negligence betray ?

Do they more strong and lively grow,

And make more pure from sin ?

Give more contempt of things below,

Create more peace within ?

Oh! do not pass this life in dreams,

To be surpriz'd by death :

And sink where mercy never beams,

When I resign my breath.

No! every day thy course review,

Thy real state to learn :

And with renewed zeal pursue,

Thy great and chief concern.

AN EVENING HYMN.

INDULGENT GOD! whose bounteous care

O'er all thy works is shown !

Oh! let my grateful praise and pray'r

Ascend before thy throne.

What mercies has this day bestow'd

How largely hast thou blest !

My cup with plenty overflow'd,

With cheerfulness, my breast,

Now, may sweet slumbers close my eyes,
 From pain and sickness free :
 And let my waking thoughts arise
 To meditate on thee.
 So bless each future day and night,
 Till life's fond scene is o'er !
 And then, to realms of endless light,
 Oh ! let my spirit soar.

A BIRTH DAY.

SWIFT as the winged arrow flies,
 My time is hastening on :
 Quick as the light'ning from the skies,
 My wasting moments run.
 My follies past, O GOD forgive :
 My ev'ry sin subdue :
 And teach me henceforth how to live,
 With glory in my view.
 'Twere better I had not been born,
 Than live without thy fear ;
 For they are wretched and forlorn,
 Who have their portion here.
 But, thanks to thine unbounded grace,
 That in my early youth,
 I have been taught to seek thy face,
 And know the way of truth.

Oh! let thy Spirit lead me still,
 Along the happy road :
 Conform me to thy holy will,
 My Father, and my GOD!

Another year of life is past ;
 My heart to Thee incline ;
 That, if this year should be my last,
 It may be wholly thine.

THE PAPER KITE.

ONCE on a time, a paper kite,
 Was mounted to a wond'rous height,
 Where, giddy with its elevation,
 It thus express'd self-admiration.
 ' See how yon crowds of gazing people,
 ' Admire my flight above the steeple !
 ' How would they wonder if they knew,
 ' All that a kite like me can do !
 ' Were I but free, I'd take a flight,
 ' And pierce the clouds beyond their sight :
 ' But, oh ! like a poor pris'ner bound,
 ' My string confines me near the ground.
 ' I'd brave the eagle's tow'ring wing,
 ' Might I but fly without a string.'
 It tugg'd and pull'd (while thus it spoke)
 To break the string—at last it broke.

Depriv'd at once of all its stay.
 In vain it tried to soar away ;
 Unable its own weight to bear,
 It fluttered downward through the air ;
 Unable its own course to guide,
 The winds soon plung'd it in the tide.
 Ah ! foolish kite, thou had'st no wing ;
 How could'st thou fly without a string ?
 My heart replied, O LORD, I see
 How much this kite resembles me ;
 Forgetful that by Thee I stand,
 Impatient of thy ruling hand,
 How oft my foolish heart inclines
 T' oppose that lot which Heav'n assigns !
 How oft indulg'd a vain desire
 For something more, or something higher !
 And, but for grace and love divine,
 A fall more dreadful had been mine.

PRIDE.

O PRIDE, thou dropsy of the mind,
 Of self-delusion born ;
 Hateful to GOD : by all mankind,
 In others, seen with scorn.
 Shall sinning man, O LORD, presume
 To glory in thy sight ?

Himself on his own virtues plume?

And claim thy heav'n by right?

I boast of none, in none I'll trust:

For mercy, LORD, I sue.

Ah! were my judge severely just,

Perdition is my due.

Shall mortal man so blind and weak,

On his own pow'rs depend?

In Thee I hope, thy blessing seek:

O guide me and defend!

Shall man his brother man despise,

Vain of excelling worth?

And view askance, with haughty eyes,

His fellow-worm of earth?

Who made my birth or station high?

Another's, mean and low?

Who made that poor man's cup so dry,

But mine to overflow?

My pride, shall nobler talents swell?

Who made yon idiot's small?

Who gave me talents to excel?

Who, but the GOD of all?

Oh! come, meek-ey'd Humility,

Come dwell within my breast;

Thus, Jesus, I would learn of Thee,

And find thy promis'd rest.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

GOD reigns ; events in order flow,
Man's industry to guide ;
But oft in various channels go,
To humble human pride.

The swift, not always in the race,
Shall seize the crowning prize :
Not always wealth, and honour grace,
The labour of the wise.

Go, husbandman, the soil prepare,
Cast in the precious grain ;
To thee belong the sun and air ?
Dost thou command the rain ?

Ye crafty, scheme your winding way ;
God shall confound your skill :
Know, time and accident obey
His all-directing will.

Evil and good before him stand,
Their mission to perform :
The blessing comes at his command,
At his command the storm.

O LORD, in all my ways I'll own
Thy providential power ;
Intrusting to thy care alone,
Th' events of every hour.

CONTENTMENT.

LIFE is a sea, where storms must rise ;
'Tis Folly talks of cloudless skies :
Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ ;
Distrust embitters present joy :
On GOD for all events depend :
You cannot want when GOD's your Friend,
Weigh well your part, and do your best ;
Leave to your Maker all the rest,
The hand which form'd thee in the womb,
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother slight her boy ;
Can she forget her prattling joy ?
Say then, shall Sov'reign Love desert
The humble, and the honest heart ?
Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind ;
Yet say not thou that Heaven's unkind.
God is alike both good and wise,
In what he grants, and what denies :
Perhaps, what goodness gives to-day,
To-morrow, goodness takes away.
You say that troubles intervene,
That sorrows darken half the scene ;
True—and this consequence you see,
This world was ne'er design'd for thee :

You're like a passenger below,
 That stays, perhaps, a night or so ;
 But still his native country lies
 Beyond the bound'ries of the skies.
 Of Heaven ask Virtue, Wisdom, Health,
 But never let thy prayer be Wealth.
 If food be thine, (though little gold)
 And raiment to repel the cold ;
 Such as may nature's wants suffice,
 Not what from pride and folly rise ;
 If soft the motions of thy soul,
 And a calm conscience crowns the whole ;
 Add but a Friend to all this store,
 You can't, in reason, wish for more :
 And if kind Heav'n this comfort brings,
 'Tis more than Heav'n bestows on kings.

PEACE OF MIND SECURED.

THE solid joys of human kind,
 Are those that flow from peace of mind :
 For who the sweets of life can taste,
 With vice and tim'rous guilt oppress ?
 'Tis virtue softens all our toils,
 With peace our conscience crowns ;
 Gives pleasure when our fortune smiles,
 And courage when it frowns ;

Calms ev'ry trouble, makes the soul serene,
Smooths the contracted brow, and cheers the
heart within:

ON THE EVE OF THE NEW YEAR.

MY days and weeks, and months and years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
Around the steady pole :
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
Till I shall launch those boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

Eternal bliss, or endless woe,
Hangs on this inch of time below,
This poor precarious breath :
The GOD of nature only knows,
Whether another year shall close,
Ere I expire in death.

But will my soul be then extinct,
And cease to live, or cease to think ?
It cannot, cannot be :
If Heaven decrees thou must not die ;
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death has set thee free ?

Before thy throne, Great GOD, I bow,
And humbly beg assistance now,
To know my real state ;

While life and health and time endure,
 Fain would I make my heav'n secure,
 Before it be too late.

If in destruction's road I stray,
 Help me to choose that better way
 Which leads to joys on high ;
 My soul renew, my sins forgive ;
 Nor let me ever dare to live
 Such as I dare not die !

With thee let every day be past ;
 And when that comes, which proves my last,
 May glory dawn within !
 Then banish from me every doubt ;
 And, ere life's glimmering lamp goes out,
 Let endless joys begin.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

GOD of my life, thy constant care,
 With blessings crowns each op'ning year ;
 This guilty life dost thou prolong,
 And wake anew my annual song.
 How many precious souls are fled,
 To the vast regions of the dead,
 Since, from this day, the changing sun
 Through his last yearly period run !

We yet survive ; but who can say,
 Or through the year, or month, or day,
 ' I will retain this vital breath,
 ' Thus far, at least, in league with death ?
 That breath is thine, eternal GOD !
 'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode ;
 It holds its life from Thee alone,
 On earth, or in the world unknown.
 To Thee my spirit I resign ;
 Oh ! make, and own it still, as thine !
 So shall it smile secure from fear,
 Though death should blast the rising year,

THE SAME.

AND now, my soul, another year
 Of my short life is past :
 I cannot long continue here ;
 And this may be my last.
 Part of my doubtful life is gone,
 Nor will return again ;
 And swift my passing moments run ;
 The few that yet remain.
 Awake, my soul, with utmost care,
 Thy true condition learn ;
 What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair ;
 And what thy great concern.

Now a new space of time begins,
 Set out afresh for Heaven;
 Seek pardon for thy former sins,
 In Christ so freely given.

Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on his grace depend;
 With zeal pursue the heavenly road;
 Nor doubt a happy end.

VAIN CONVERSATION AND FOLLY IN DRESS.

IS it a thing of good report,
 To squander life and time away?
 To cut the hours of duty short,
 While toys and follies waste the day?
 To ask and prattle all affairs,
 And mind all business but our own?
 To live at random, void of cares,
 While all things to confusion run?
 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
 Well suit the honours of our birth?
 Shall we be fond of gay attire,
 Which children love, and fools admire?
 What if we wear the richest vest;
 Peacocks and flies are better drest:
 This flesh with all its gaudy forms,
 Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.

LORD, raise our hearts and passions higher;
 Touch our vain minds with sacred fire:
 Then, with an elevated eye,
 We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by.
 We'll look on all the toys below,
 With such disdain as angels do;
 And wait the call that bids us rise
 To promis'd mansions in the skies.

HOLY DILIGENCE. PROV. CHAP. X. V. 5.

SEE how the little toiling Ant,
 Improves the harvest hours;
 While summer lasts, through all her cells,
 The choicest stores she pours.
 While life remains, OUR harvest lasts;
 But youth of life's the prime;
 Best is this season for our work,
 And this th' accepted time.
 'To-day attend,' is Wisdom's voice;
 'To-morrow,' Folly cries:
 And still to-morrow 'tis, when oh!
 To-day the sinner dies.
 When conscience speaks, its voice regard,
 And seize the tender hour;
 Humbly implore the promis'd grace,
 And GOD will give the power.

THE CAUTION.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

BE not, my Friend, by Youth deceived,
Nor let the charmer be believed,

Though smooth and soft her strain :
Away, on whirling wings she flies,
Swift as the cloud that rides the skies,
Without a yoke or rein.

Youth must resign its blooming charms,
To age, whose cold and shiv'ring arms,
Will wither every joy.

'Tis brittle glass ; 'tis rapid stream ;
'Tis melting wax, 'tis air-drest dream,
That time will soon destroy.

Hours, days, months, years, impetuous fly,
Like meteors darting through the sky,
And must return no more :

Know, my young Friend, that moments fled.
Are moments ever, ever dead,
And cancelled from thy score.

Though we in this low world were born,
Yet this low world our souls should scorn,
And to the Heavens should rise :

So the larks, hatch'd on clods of earth,
 Disdain their mean, inglorious birth,
 And tow'r unto the skies.

TO A YOUNG LADY WITH A WATCH.

WHILE this gay toy attracts thy sight,
 Thy reason let it warn ;
 And seize, my dear, that rapid time,
 That never must return.

If idly lost, no art or care
 The blessing can restore ;
 And Heav'n requires a strict account,
 For ev'ry mispent hour.

Short is our longest day of life,
 And soon its prospect ends ;
 Yet on that day's uncertain date,
 Eternity depends.

Yet equal to our being's aim,
 The space to virtue giv'n ;
 And ev'ry minute well improv'd,
 Secures an age in Heav'n.

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

NO longer lies Nature asleep in the root ;
 She blooms in yon bough, lo ! she sets in yon
 fruit ;

Too soon from the bough, if the blossom
should fall,

No fruit will succeed, the gay blossom is all :

Think, think, O my soul, what a lesson for
thee !

The bough may bloom fair, but quite barren
the tree.

While planted I am in this garden below,

Some fruit, if but little, some fruit I must
show :

Lest He that has planted should say with a
frown,

‘ The axe to the root, cut the cumberer down.’

My season for bearing, not long it may last ;

Then wise let me be ere that season is past ;

Heaven, Heaven is the clime ; and once plant
me but there,

Oh ! how will I bloom, and what fruit will I
bear !

In the Planter’s own garden, beneath his own
eye,

My leaf shall not wither, my fruit shall not die :

By that Fountain of Life I shall flourishing
stand ;

Which ever will flow at the Planter’s right-
hand.

BEAUTY SHORT-LIVED.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
 And gay their silken leaves unfold,
 As careless of the noon-tide heats,
 And fearless of the evening cold.
 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
 Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
 The momentary glories waste,
 The short-liv'd beauties die away,
 So blooms the human face divine,
 When youth its pride of beauty shews :
 Fairer than spring the colours shine,
 And sweeter than the new-blown rose.
 But worn by slowly rolling years,
 Or broke by sickness in a day,
 The fading glory disappears,
 The short-liv'd beauties die away.
 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
 With lustre brighter far shall shine ;
 (If goodness in the life did bloom)
 Safe from diseases and decline.
 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
 So Heaven but recompence our pains :
 Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
 If firm the word of GOD remains.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

“We all do fade as a leaf.” Isaiah, chap. xxxiv. ver. 4.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and wither’d to the ground;
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound:

‘ Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
 ‘ When, like us, he blighted fell)
 ‘ Hear the lecture we are reading.
 ‘ ’Tis, alas, the truth we tell.

‘ Virgins, much, too much presuming
 ‘ On your boasted white and red;
 ‘ View us late in beauty blooming,
 ‘ Number’d now among the dead.

‘ Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,
 ‘ Gay in health, and many a grace;
 ‘ Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
 ‘ Summer gives to Autumn place.

‘ Yearly in our course returning,
 ‘ Messengers of shortest stay;
 ‘ Thus we preach this truth concerning,
 ‘ “Heav’n and earth shall pass away.”

On the tree of life eternal,
 Man, let all thy hopes be staid;

Which alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall nor fade.

‘I MUST WORK THE WORK OF HIM THAT SENT
ME.’ JOHN, CHAP. IX. VER. 4.

THE short-liv'd day declines in haste,
The night of death approaches fast ;
With rapid speed the moments run,
In which the work of life is done.
As flies the shuttle o'er the loom,
So mortals hasten to the tomb :
As ships that skim along the sea,
Or eagles darting on their prey :
As vanishes the fleeting shade ;
As flow'rs before the evening fade ;
Such is the life of feeble man ;
His days are measur'd by a span.
I would not wish on earth to stay,
Beyond this short, uncertain day :
But, LORD, prepare my soul to do
The work appointed me below.
With willing heart and active hands,
LORD I would practice thy commands :
Improve the moments as they fly,
And live as I would wish to die.

THE HEAVENLY PHYSICIAN.

MY GOD, with grateful heart, I'll raise
 A daily altar to thy praise :
 Thy friendly hand my course directs ;
 Thy watchful eye my bed protects.
 When danger, woes, or death, are nigh,
 Past mercies teach me where to fly ;
 The same almighty arm can aid,
 Now sickness grieves, and pains invade.
 To all the various helps of art,
 Kindly, thy healing power impart :
 Bethesda's bath refus'd to save,
 Unless an Angel bless'd the wave.
 All med'cines act by thy decree :
 Receive commission all from thee ;
 And not a plant which spreads the plains,
 But teems with health when Heav'n ordains.
 Clay and Siloam's pool, we find
 At Heav'n's command, restor'd the blind :
 Hence Jordan's waters once were seen
 To wash a Syrian leper clean.
 But grant me nobler favours still :
 Grant me to KNOW and DO thy will,
 O purge my soul from ev'ry stain,
 And save me from eternal pain.

What arrows pierce so deep as sin ?
 What venom gives such pain within ?
 Thou, great Physician of the soul !
 Ease ev'ry pang, and make me whole !
 Oh ! if I trust thy sov'reign skill,
 With deep submission to thy will,
 Sickness and death shall both agree
 To bring me, LORD, at last to Thee.

THE HAPPINESS OF EARLY PIETY.

On the recovery of a Young Lady from a dangerous
 illness.

MY GOD, thy service well demands
 The remnant of my days :
 Why was the fleeting breath renew'd,
 But to renew thy praise ?
 Thine arms of everlasting love,
 Did this weak frame sustain :
 When life in purple torrents* flow'd
 From every sinking vein.
 Calmly I bow'd my fainting head,
 On thy dear faithful breast ;
 Pleas'd to obey my Father's call
 To his eternal rest.

* A blood vessel being broken.

Back from the borders of the grave
 At thy command I come :
 Nor would I urge a speedier flight
 To my celestial home,
 Where thou appointest my abode,
 There would I choose to be :
 For in thy presence death is life,
 And earth is heaven with Thee.

THE CONTRAST.

WHAT scenes of horror and of dread,
 Await the sinner's dying bed ;
 Death's terrors all appear in sight,
 Presages of eternal night.
 His sins in dreadful order rise,
 And fill his soul with sad surprise ;
 Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears ;
 And not one ray of hope appears.
 Tormenting pangs distract his breast ;
 Where'er he turns he finds no rest :
 Death strikes the blow, he groans and cries,
 And in despair and horror dies.
 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss :
 His soul is fill'd with conscious peace ;
 A steady faith subdues his fear ;
 He sees the happy CANAAN near.

His mind is tranquil and serene ;
 No terror in his looks is seen :
 His Saviour's smiles dispel the gloom,
 And smooth his passage to the tomb.

LORD ! make my faith and love sincere,
 My judgment sound, my conscience clear ;
 And when the toils of life are past,
 May I be found in peace at last.

THE DYING SAINT.

WHEN life's successive storms are o'er,
 How calm he meets the friendly shore,
 Who liv'd averse to sin !
 Such peace on virtue's path attends.
 That, where the sinner's pleasure ends,
 The good man's joys begin.

See smiling patience smooth his brow !
 See the kind Angels waiting now,
 To lift his soul on high !
 While eager for the blest abode,
 He joins with them to praise the God,
 Who taught him how to die.

The horrors of the grave and hell,
 Those sorrows which the wicked feel,
 In vain their gloom display ;

For He who bids yon comet burn,
 Or makes the night descend, can turn
 Their darkness into day.

No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes,
 No horror wrests the struggling sighs,
 As from the sinner's breast :
 His GOD, the GOD of peace and love,
 Pours sweetest comforts from above,
 And sooths his heart to rest.

THE TRIUMPH OF RELIGION.

A VISION.

—LO! a form divinely bright
 Descends and bursts upon my sight :
 A Seraph of illustrious birth
 (RELIGION was her name on earth)
 Supremely sweet her radiant face,
 And blooming with celestial grace !
 Three shining cherubs form'd her train,
 Wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain ;
 FAITH, with sublime and piercing eye,
 And pinions flutt'ring for the sky ;
 Here HOPE, that smiling Angel stands,
 And golden anchors grace her hands ;
 There CHARITY, in robes of white,
 Fairest, and fav'rite maid of light !

The Seraph spake——. 'Tis REASON's part,
 ' To govern, and to guard the heart ;
 ' To lull the wayward soul to rest,
 ' When hopes and fears distract the breast.
 ' But when the storms of death are nigh,
 ' And midnight darkness veils the sky,
 ' Shall REASON *then* direct thy sail,
 ' Disperse the clouds, or sink the gale ?
 ' Stranger, this skill alone is mine,
 ' Skill, that transcends his scanty line.
 ' Revere thyself—Thou'rt near ally'd
 ' To Angels, on thy better side.
 ' But minds, tho' sprung from heav'nly race,
 ' Must first be tutor'd for the place.
 ' (The joys above are understood,
 ' And relish'd only by the good)
 ' Who shall assume this guardian care ?
 ' Who shall secure their birthright there ?
 ' Souls are MY charge—to me 'tis giv'n,
 ' To train them for their native heav'n.

' Know, then—WHO early bow the knee,
 ' And give the willing heart to me ;
 ' Who wisely, when temptation waits,
 ' Elude her frauds, and spurn her baits ;
 ' Who dare to own my injur'd cause,
 ' Tho' fools deride my sacred laws ;

' Know, that for such superior souls,
 ' There lies a bliss beyond the poles ;
 ' Where love, where boundless friendship rules,
 ' (No friends that change, no love that cools !)
 ' Where rising floods of knowledge roll,
 ' And pour, and pour upon the soul !

' But where's the passage to the skies ?
 ' The road thro' death's black valley lies.
 ' Nay, do not shudder at my tale :
 ' Tho' dark the shades, yet safe the vale :
 ' This path the best of men have trod :
 ' And who'd decline the road to GOD ?
 ' Oh! 'tis a glorious boon to die ;
 ' This favour can't be priz'd too high.'

While thus she spake, my looks exprest,
 The raptures kindling in my breast ;
 My soul a fix'd attention gave ;
 When the stern Monarch of the Grave
 With haughty strides approach'd.—Amaz'd
 I stood, and trembled as I gaz'd.
 The Seraph calm'd each anxious fear,
 And kindly wip'd the falling tear ;
 Then hasten'd, with expanded wing,
 To meet the pale terrific King:
 But now, what milder scenes arise !
 The tyrant drops his hostile guise.

He seems a youth divinely fair ;
 In graceful ringlets waves his hair,
 His wings their whitening plumes display,
 His burnish'd plumes reflect the day ;
 Light flows his shining azure vest,
 And all the angel stands confest.

I view'd the change with sweet surprise,
 And oh ! I panted for the skies ;
 Thank'd Heaven that e'er I drew my breath,
 And triumph'd in the thoughts of death.

THE CHRISTIAN SUPPORTED.

YES, there's a better world on high :
 Hope on, thou pious breast !
 Faint not, thou trav'ler ; on the sky
 Thy weary feet shall rest.

Anguish may rend each vital part :
 Poor man ! thy frame how frail !
 Yet Heaven's own strength shall shield thy heart,
 When strength and flesh shall fail.

Through death's dread vale of deepest shade
 Thy feet must surely go :
 Yet there, e'en there, walk undismay'd :
 'Tis thy last scene of woe.

Jesus, and with the tend'rest hand,
 Shall guard the trav'ler through :
 ' Hail !' shalt thou cry, ' hail promis'd land !
 ' And, wilderness, adieu.'

Jesus, oh ! make our souls thy care ;
 Oh ! take us all to Thee :
 Where'er thou art, we ask not where :
 But there 'tis Heaven to be.

REFLECTIONS ON HEARING THE BELL TOLL
 FOR THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

HARK !—What a solemn, mournful sound,
 Rolls murm'ring through the cloudy air :
 It strikes the soul with awe profound,
 Affects the gay, alarms the fair.
 'Tis Death's dread herald calls aloud ;
 Proclaims his conquest through the skies :
 The sun retires behind a cloud,
 And nature seems to sympathize.
 It is not hoary, tottering age,
 That now lies stretch'd beneath his stroke :
 The tyrant stern, that feels his rage ;
 Th' oppressor's rod, that now is broke :
 But oh !—'tis generous Cynthio's bell !
 Fall'n in the prime of youthful bloom ;

For Cynthio, sounds the doleful knell,
And calls him to the silent tomb.

But Cynthio's virtues ne'er can die ;
They leave a grateful, rich perfume :
And now transplanted to the sky,

In Heav'n's immortal gardens bloom,
And hark !—Oh ! what celestial notes,
With grateful accents charm my ear !
As down th' etherial music floats,
The sun breaks forth, the skies are clear.

From Heav'n descends the joyful strain,
Conveyed to earth on Angel's wings ;
To mitigate our grief and pain,
And this the theme of joy it brings :

- 'Thus write,' the voice from Heav'n proclaims,
- 'The virtuous dead are ever blest !
- 'Their works immortalize their names,
- 'Their labours cease, and here they rest.
- Behold, the Saviour wide displays,
- 'The trophies of his gen'rous love,
- 'To cheer you through life's thorny ways,
- 'And lead to flow'ry realms above.
- 'Tis He that draws death's baneful sting,
- 'And bids the grave's dread horrors fly ;
- 'The choirs of Heav'n his triumph sing,
- 'And hail him victor through the sky.'

AT THE FUNERAL OF A YOUNG PERSON.

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O may this truth, imprest
 With awful power—I TOO MUST DIE,
 Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

Let this vain world engage no more;
 Behold the gaping tomb!
 It bids us seize the present hour;
 To-morrow, death may come.

The voice of this alarming scene,
 May every heart obey;
 Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.

COMFORT IN GOD UNDER THE LOSS OF FRIENDS

THE God of love will sure indulge
 The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
 When righteous persons fall around,
 When tender friends, and kindred die.
 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought
 Should with our mourning passions blend

Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
Th' Almighty, ever-living friend.

Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail ;
Yet shall our hope in thee our GOD,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

Parent, Protector, Guardian, Guide !
Thou art each tender name in one ;
On Thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from Thee alone.

Our Father GOD, to Thee we look ;
Our rock, our portion, and our friend !
And on thy cov'nant-Love and Truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

EMBLEMS OF MAN'S RESURRECTION.

ALL nature dies, and lives again :
The flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield ;
Resign the honours of their form
At winter's stormy blast ;
And leave the naked, leafless plain,
A desolated waste.
Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs,
Anew shall deck the plain ;

The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again.

So to the dreary grave consign'd,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THAT solemn day will soon arrive,
Th' important, the decisive day,
When from death's awful slumber rous'd,
God's dread command all must obey.

Deep thunders usher in the morn,
And, thro' the heavens, tremendous roll :
The wide expanse is all on fire,
While lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

In glory, see ! the Judge descends,
Array'd in majesty and might :
Attended by ten thousand Saints,
And Angels of celestial light.

The trumpets loud and dreadful blast,
Sounds through the regions of the dead :
With terror some, and some with joy,
Rise from the dust, their lowly bed.

All righteous and eternal Judge !
When summon'd at thy bar to stand ;

May I, acquitted and approv'd,
Be crown'd with bliss at thy right hand.

THE BOOKS OPENED.

METHINKS the last Great Day is come :
Do I not hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the prisoners under ground ?
The mighty deep gives up her trust ;
Aw'd by the Judge's high command ;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.

Behold the awful books display'd,
Big with th' important fates of men :
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by Heav'n's unerring pen.

LORD, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve :
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love !

THE FINAL SENTENCE.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round !

How the summons,
Will the Sinner's heart confound !

The Judge descends, the dead awaken,

Rise to life, from earth and sea :

All the powers of nature shaken,

By his looks prepare to flee :

Careless sinner !

What will then become of thee ?

Horrors past imagination,

Will surprise your trembling heart,

When you hear your condemnation,

‘ Hence, accursed wretch, depart !

‘ Thou with Satan,

‘ And his angels, have thy part.’

But to those who have confessed,

Lov'd and serv'd the LORD below ;

He will say, ‘ Come near, ye blessed,

‘ See the kingdom I bestow ;

‘ You for ever,

‘ Shall my love and glory know.’

Under sorrows and reproaches,

May this thought our courage raise !

Swiftly GOD's great day approaches,

Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise ;

May we triumph,

When the world is in a blaze.

HEAVEN.

O WORLD of bliss ! could mortal eyes
 But half its charms explore ;
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more !

There pain and sickness never come ;
 There grief no more complains ;
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom.
 And purest pleasure reigns.

No malice, strife, or envy there,
 The sons of peace molest :
 But harmony and love sincere,
 Fill every happy breast.

There, no alternate night is known,
 Nor sun's faint sickly ray :
 But glory from th' eternal throne,
 Spreads everlasting day.

Oh ! may this heav'nly prospect fire
 My heart with ardent love ;
 May lively faith and strong desire,
 Bear ev'ry thought above.

ETERNAL LIFE.

ETERNAL LIFE ! how sweet the sound
 To Sinners who deserv'd to die !

Proclaim the bliss, ye nations round :

Echo the joys, ye realms on high !

Eternal life ! how will it reign,

When, mounting from its breathless clod,

The soul discharg'd from sin and pain,

Ascends to meet its Father GOD !

Eternal life ! how will it bloom

In beauty, on that joyful day,

When rescu'd from th' impris'ning tomb,

Glory invests our rising clay !

Eternal life ! O how refin'd

The joys ! the triumphs, how divine !

When saints in body, and in mind,

Shall in their Saviour's image shine !

Holy and heav'nly be that soul,

Where dwells a hope so bright as this !

How should we long to reach the goal,

And take the prize of endless bliss !

VIRTUOUS FRIENDSHIP RENEW'D IN HEAVEN

IF, when the spirit quits her clay-built cell,
 Ascends to Heav'n, with spirits pure, to dwell :
 The friendship's form'd on earth their force
 retain,

And with increasing ardour still remain ;

What raptures must possess the virtuous mind,
 (Virtue alone those joys can hope to find)
 To meet in worlds of never-ending bliss,
 All whom we lov'd, esteem'd, rever'd in this !
 The long lost Child shall glad the Parent's sight,
 Deck'd in refulgent robes of spotless light :
 Children with grateful smiles their Parents greet,
 Who fled before them to the blissful seat,
 They, whom th' untimely stroke of death dis-
 join'd,
 The faithful Pair, by sacred vows combin'd ;
 Met in the realms of happiness ; shall prove
 The true delights of pure, celestial love.
 And when two hearts whom tender friendship
 sways,
 On virtue founded, in their earliest days ;
 Who ne'er could wish one pleasure to conceal,
 Nor knew one grief but Friendship's balm
 could heal ;
 Sincerely anxious for each other's good,
 By mutual counsel, sweet reproof, they stood :
 When two such spirits wing their airy way,
 And reach the bright abodes of endless day ;
 Enraptur'd, each the dear-lov'd friend shall view,
 And ardently their former love renew :
 They part no more, nor change their glorious
 state,
 Completely bless'd beyond the power of fate.

Let us, then form such friendships here below,
 As only can survive Death's certain blow :
 Since Vice, though leagu'd, her trust will soon
 betray.

And Folly's airy vows fly swift away ;
 While virtuous Friendship scorns th' attacks
 of time,

Secure to flourish in a nobler clime ;
 Of never-fading happiness possest.
 In heav'nly mansions of eternal rest.



FOR
CHILDREN
IN
CHARITY - SCHOOLS.

GRATITUDE FOR THE ADVANTAGES OF A
SCHOOL.

GREAT source of Good! our youthful lays,
Inspir'd by thine all bounteous hand,
Unite to celebrate thy praise,
Whose praise is due from ev'ry land.

Though humbly born, yet, through thy care,
Extended wide as boundless space,
The poorest of us now may share,
The richest treasures of thy grace.

Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,
We owe to thy paternal love :
Assist us, LORD, while we prepare
For nobler joys in Heav'n above !

Thus may our lips and lives express
 The sense we have of love divine ;
 And, with our latest breath, we'll bless
 Those generous friends who make us thine.

DAILY GRATITUDE.

ALmighty Father, heav'nly King !
 Who rul'st the worlds above ;
 Accept the tribute children bring,
 Of gratitude and love.

To thee each morning, when we rise,
 Our early vows we pay ;
 And ere the night has clos'd our eyes,
 We thank thee for the day.

Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
 To us his word hath giv'n,
 That young ones, such as we, may find
 A pleasant path to heav'n.

May we revere each tender Friend,
 Who strives, with pious care,
 To snatch us from the ills that tend,
 Our safety to ensnare.

Stretch out, O LORD, thy gracious hand,
 To guide our erring youth :
 And lead us to that blissful land,
 Where dwells eternal truth.

WALKING TO SCHOOL.

THOU gracious Father of the poor !

To thee my friends I owe :

The blessings I receive through them,

All from thy goodness flow.

Give me a humble, active mind,

From sloth and folly free :

Give me a cheerful heart, inclin'd

To truth and piety.

A faithful mem'ry bestow,

Where knowledge I may store ;

And still, O LORD, as more I know,

Let me obey thee more.

Let me things excellent discern ;

Hold fast what I approve ;

And above all, delight to learn,

The lessons of thy love.

FOR CHILDREN BEFORE THEY GO TO WORK.

LET us go forth ; 'tis GOD commands ;

Let us make haste away ;

Offer to him our hearts and hands :

We work for GOD to day.

When he vouchsafes our hands to use,

It makes our labour sweet ;

If any now the work refuse,
Let not such sluggards eat.

Who would not do what GOD ordains,
And promises to bless ?

Who would not 'scape the toils and pains,
Of sinful idleness ?

Then let us in CHRIST's footsteps tread,
And gladly act our part ;

On earth employ our hands and head,
While GOD has all our heart.

AGAINST IDLENESS.

IDLE boys and girls are found,
Standing upon Satan's ground :
He will find them work to do ;
He will pay their wages too.

Are they not of wisdom void,
Those that saunter, unemploy'd ?
Young or old, who fondly play,
Their important time away ?

What a bold and foolish lie,
When we hear a trifler cry,
'I no other business have !'
Has he not a soul to save ?

Has he from his Lord above,
No one talent to improve ?

Let him go and muse on this,
 ' Whence his greatest danger is.'?
 Sloth is the accursed root,
 Whence ten thousand evils shoot :
 Ev'ry vice, and ev'ry sin,
 May with idleness begin.
 By wisdom taught, to GOD we'll turn ;
 For our mispent moments mourn ;
 Aided by his Spirit's pow'r,
 Promise to stand still no more :
 All our time and vigour give ;
 Serve our Maker while we live :
 Use for GOD the talents giv'n ;
 Work on earth, and rest in heav'n.

GRATITUDE FOR MERCIES TO BODY AND SOUL

GREAT Father, whose all-gracious ear,
 The fervent pray'r, delights to hear ;
 And when the young and helpless praise,
 Approves the feeble notes they raise :
 Let children of the humble poor,
 Presume thy goodness to adore,
 In all thy tender watchful care ;
 In all the mercies which they share.
 Thy pow'r defends from ev'ry harm ;
 Thy bounty clothes, and keeps us warm ;

Feeds and supports our growing frame :
Eternal praises to thy name.

But, oh ! what homage shall we pay,
For blessings that attend **THY DAY** :
When we are taught to read and sing,
The honours of our heav'nly King !
Delightful is thy worship, **LORD** ;
With joy we come to hear thy word ;
Unite in pray'r and praise to Thee,
And habits form of piety,

IRREVERENCE IN DIVINE WORSHIP RE-
PROVED.

IN GOD's own house, for me to play,
Where Christians meet to hear and pray ;
Is to profane his holy place,
And tempt th' Almighty to his face.
When Angels bow before the **LORD**,
And Devils tremble at his word ;
Shall I, a feeble mortal, dare
To mock, and sport, and trifle there ?
When Death, the king of fears, shall come
To call me to my latest home ;
The thoughts of such a shameful part,
With bitter pain would pierce my heart.

A PRAYER FOR IMPROVEMENT OF BLESSINGS
ENJOYED.

GREAT God of love! to thee we owe,

Whatever we enjoy ;

Our ev'ry blessing here below ;

Our hopes beyond the sky.

All that our gen'rous friends impart,

LORD, we refer to thee :

Thy mercy touch'd each pitying heart,

And thine the glory be:

Blest as we are, in humble pray'r,

We seek the GOD of love :

Help us, each privilege we share,

With wisdom to improve.

The duties of our little sphere,

Assist us to fulfill ;

And mark'd, let ev'ry act appear,

With rev'rence for thy will.

Then shall we rise from scenes below,

Before thy face to dwell ;

When Mercy's children all shall know

A bliss no tongue can tell.

And should our pious Patrons see,

In the bright worlds above,

Own'd and accepted, LORD, of thee,

The objects of their love ;

How will their gladden'd hearts renew
 Their song of grateful praise ;
 And with what unknown joys, review
 The bounty of these days !

CONTENTMENT AND THANKFULNESS.

MAKER of num'rous worlds unknown,
 Great Parent of mankind !

Let youthful songs, and early pray'rs,
 Divine acceptance find.

Thy gracious hand, to different ranks,
 Hath different tasks assign'd ;

'Tis our's to tread the lower path,
 And bear an humble mind.

'Tis our's, with industry and care,
 To earn our daily food :

We are not likely to be great,
 But surely may be good.

Labour will sweeten plain repast,
 And peace will give us rest ;

But 'tis thy favour crowns the whole,
 And makes our station blest.

When thus we work, when thus we live,
 Our Patrons will rejoice,

To see the poor to knowledge brought,
 And making **GOD** their choice.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ON EARLY RISING.

HOW foolish they who lengthen night,
And slumber in the morning light !
How sweet, at early morning's rise,
To view the glories of the skies,
And mark, with curious eye, the sun
Prepare his radiant course to run !
Its fairest form then nature wears,
And clad in brightest green appears.
The sprightly lark, with artless lay,
Proclaims the entrance of the day.
How sweet to breathe the gale's perfume,
And feast the eyes with nature's bloom !
Along the dewy lawn to rove,
And hear the music of the grove !
Nor you, ye delicate and fair,
Neglect to taste the morning air ;

This will your nerves with vigour brace,
 Improve and heighten every grace,
 Add to your breath a rich perfume,
 And to your cheeks a fairer bloom !
 With lustre teach your eyes to glow,
 And health and cheerfulness bestow.

A MORNING IN SPRING.

LO! the bright, the rosy morning,
 Calls me forth to take the air :
 Cheerful spring, with smiles returning,
 Ushers in the new-born year.
 Nature now in all her beauty,
 With her gently-moving tongue,
 Prompts me to the pleasing duty,
 Of a grateful morning song.
 See the early blossoms springing,
 See the jocund lambkins play ;
 Hear the lark and linnet singing
 Welcome to the new-born day.
 Vernal music, softly sounding,
 Echoes through the verdant grove :
 Nature now with life abounding,
 Swells with harmony and love.
 Now the kind refreshing showers,
 Water all the plains around :

Springing grass, and painted flowers,
In the smiling meads abound.

Now their vernal dress assuming,
Leafy robes adorn the trees :
Odours now, the air perfuming,
Sweetly swell the gentle breeze.

Praise to Thee, thou great Creator !
Praise be thine from ev'ry tongue :
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature ;
Join the universal song :

For ten thousand blessings given ;
For the richest gifts bestow'd ;
Sound his praise through earth and heav'n ;
Sound Jehovah's praise aloud.

TO SPRING.

WELCOME, sweet season of delight !
What beauties charm the wond'ring sight,
In thy enchanting reign !
How fresh descends the morning dew,
While opening flow'rs of various hue,
Bedeck the sprightly plain !

The artless warblers of the grove,
Again unite in songs of love,
To bless thy kind return :

But first the lark, who, soaring, seems
 To hail th' glorious sun, whose beams
 With fresh refulgence burn.

The mind, with thoughts of good possest,
 With innocence and virtue blest,

Untaught in folly's ways :
 May taste those joys by nature giv'n ;
 May lift th' enraptur'd eye to heav'n.

And their great Author praise.

Stern winter's gloomy season past,
 We see fair spring advancing fast,

With summer in the rear :
 Soon autumn's shades will interpose,
 And a succeeding winter close,

The swift revolving year.

Of human life, an emblem true :

The early morn of youth we view,

 In spring's delightful face ;

Meridian's life's a summer's day :

With autumn fades : its quick decay,

 In winter's blast we trace.

Then let us prize each fleeting hour,

Improve the moments in our pow'r,

 Ere time shall cease to be :

Then shall our spirits, taking wing,

Be crown'd with an eternal spring,

 From wintry storms set free.

THE FLOWERS,

THE HELIOTROPE.

THROUGH all the changes of the day,
 I turn me to the sun :
 In clear or cloudy skies, I say,
 Alike—*thy will be done!*

THE VIOLET.

A lowly flower, in secret bower,
 Invisible I dwell ;
 For blessings made, without parade,
 Known only by my smell.

THE LILY.

Emblem of Him, in whom no stain;
 The eye of Heav'n could see :
 In all their glory, Monarchs vain,
 Are not array'd like me.

THE ROSE.

With ravish'd heart, that crimson hail,
 Which in my bosom glows :
 Think how the Lily of the vale,
 Became like Sharon's rose.

THE PRIMROSE.

When time's dark winter shall be o'er,
 Its storms and tempests laid ;

Like me you'll rise a fragrant flower,
But not like me to fade.

THE GARDEN.

The bower of innocence and bliss,
Sin caus'd to disappear :
Repent, and walk in faith and love,
You'll find an Eden here.

TO A YOUNG LADY WITH A NOSEGAY.

THOU can'st not steal the Rose's bloom,
To decorate thy face :
But the sweet blush of Modesty,
Will lend an equal grace.

These violets scent the distant gale,
(Beneath, in lowly bed,)
So real worth new merit gains,
By diffidence o'erspread.

Nor wilt thou e'er that Lily's white,
In thy complexion find ;
Yet Innocence may shine as fair,
Within thy spotless mind.

Now, in the op'ning spring of life,
Let every flow'ret bloom :
The budding virtues in thy breast
Shall yield the best perfume.

This Nosegay in thy bosom plac'd,
 A moral may convey ;
 For soon its brightest tints shall fade,
 And all its sweets decay.
 So short-liv'd are the lovely tribes,
 Of Flora's transient reign :
 They bud, blow, wither, fall, and die ;
 Then turn to earth again.
 And thus, my dear, must ev'ry charm,
 Which youth is proud to share ;
 Alike this quick succession prove,
 And the same truth declare.
 Sickness will change the roseate hue,
 Which glowing health bespeaks ;
 And age will wrinkle with its cares
 The smile on beauty's cheeks.
 But as that fragrant Myrtle wreath,
 Will all the rest survive :
 So shall the Mental graces still,
 Through endless ages live.

THE PRIMROSE AND BRAMBLE.

ADDRESSED TO TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

WHEN nature wore her loveliest bloom,
 And fields and hedges breath'd perfume :

When every painted child of spring,
 Flutter'd in air its little wing ;
 Pleas'd as I rang'd a verdant field,
 (Each scene can some instruction yield)
 Beneath a hedge within my view,
 A BRAMBLE and a PRIMROSE grew.
 Fancy, that all-creative power,
 Can give a tongue to every flow'r :
 And thus, as I pursu'd my walk,
 To fancy's ear they seem'd to talk.
 The Bramble rear'd her thorny head,
 And to her humble neighbour said :
 ' Alas ! thou poor unhappy thing,
 ' Not bless'd wth either thorn or sting ;
 ' What shall protect, if this lone shade,
 ' The traveller's trampling feet invade ?
 ' Me, should he dare to touch, with speed,
 ' He should repent th' audacious deed :
 ' Such insolence I'd soon repay,
 ' And send him bleeding hence away.'
 His boast the Primrose meekly hears,
 Nor felt from thence uneasy fears ;
 Since thorns, she deem'd, a less defence,
 Than unoffending innocence.
 Ere long, to shun Sol's scorching rays,
 Close to the hedge a traveller strays :
 The Bramble did as she had plann'd :
 And deeply scratch'd his passing hand.

The man, resentful of the deed,
 Soon rooted up the worthless weed ;
 Toss'd it, indignant, from his sight,
 That none might suffer from its spite :
 While undisturb'd the Primrose blooms,
 And all admire its sweet perfumes.

My dearest Girls ! the tale attend,
 And learn this maxim from a Friend ;
 This maxim often taught in vain ;
 ' Ill-nature still produces pain :
 ' At others, though she aim her dart,
 ' It turns and pierces her own heart ;
 ' While meekness does the soul engage,
 ' Admir'd, belov'd in youth or age.'

THE WHEAT AND WEEDS.

A FABLE.

YE Fair, who for instruction read,
 And ye who but amusement heed,
 Attend : a Fable both may please ;
 Give truth to those, and mirth to these :
 The story may the one amuse !
 The other may the moral choose.

'Twas in a pleasant month of spring,
 When flow'rets bloom and warblers sing ;
 A field of wheat began to rise ;
 The farmer's hope, his country's prize.

When lo! amid the op'ning ears,
 A various crop of weeds appears.
 The poppy, soldier-like array'd,
 Its flimsy scarlet flowers diplay'd.
 Some, like the lofty sky, were blue;
 And some were ting'd with golden hue;
 But every where the wheat was seen,
 Clad in one robe of modest green.
 It chanc'd three youths, in city bred;
 That knew to eat—not raise their bread;
 For pleasure's sake, had rambled there,
 To see the sun, and breathe fresh air.
 Of herbs and grain they little knew
 What Linnæus* wrote, or Sinclair† grew:
 But each, as o'er the field they gaz'd,
 What fancy led to, pluck'd and prais'd.
 'See,' said the first, 'this flow'r so red,
 'That gently bows its blushing head:
 'Can the whole field a plant display,
 'So rich, so noble, and so gay?'
 'Yes,' said the next, 'the flow'r I show,
 'With star-like rays, and sky-like blue,

* Sir Charles Linnæus, who improved the study of Plants.

† Sir John Sinclair, President of the Board of Agriculture.

‘ So much does your dull plant outshine,
 ‘ That the best choice is surely mine.

‘ Stop,’ said the third, ‘ the flow’r I hold,
 ‘ With cluster’d leaves of burnish’d gold,
 ‘ Than your’s, or his, is richer drest :
 ‘ And, doubtless, I have chose the best.

In this, however, each agreed,
 That nothing could his own exceed ;
 And that the rising blades of green,
 Did not deserve to grow between.
 A Farmer chanc’d, behind a gate,
 To overhear the youths debate ;
 Knowing from ign’rance error springs,
 He strove to teach them better things.

‘ My lads,’ he said, ‘ now understand,
 ‘ These are but weeds that spoil our land ;
 ‘ But the green blades you trample down
 ‘ Are wheat—man’s food, and nature’s crown.
 ‘ With art and pains the crop is sown ;
 ‘ And thus your daily bread is grown.
 ‘ Alas ! your judgment was not right,
 ‘ Because you judg’d from OUTWARD sight.’

Thus having read the Fable through ;
 Ye Fair ! attend the moral too.
 The poppy may prefigure well
 The gay, the flimsy, painted Belle ;

The catnache blue may serve to name
 The proud, conceited, flirting dame.
 The yellow catlip may unfold,
 The heart whose only care is gold :
 But in the wheat we see portray'd
 The humble, virtuous, pious maid.
 Mere outside show, a fool may strike,
 And beaux may dress, and tinsel like,
 A head which vain conceit hath seiz'd,
 May be with affectation pleas'd.
 A sordid mind, in virtue poor,
 May catch at any golden lure.
 These may be pleas'd awhile, and play,
 With any trifle for a day :
 But soon the wretched heart shall know,
 The emptiness of outside show.
 If this is all the worth you boast,
 Ye are but painted weeds at most.
 But she, whose mind, like cultur'd ground,
 With crops of early grace abound ;
 Tho' not so gay, so rich, so proud,
 As to attract the thoughtless crowd ;
 Yet, by the wise, discerning good,
 Her rising worth is understood.
 Her *excellence* their *show* exceeds,
 As much as Wheat out-values Weeds.

VIRTUE AND VICE PROGRESSIVE.

IF GOOD we plant not, VICE will fill the mind,
 And weeds take up the space for flow'rs design'd.
 The human heart ne'er knows a state of rest :
 Bad leads to worse, and better tends to best :
 We either gain or lose, we sink or rise ;
 Nor rests our struggling nature till it dies.
 Those very passions that our peace invade,
 If rightly pointed, blessings may be made ;
 Then rise, my Friend, above terrestrial aims ;
 Direct the ardour which your breast inflames,
 To that pure region of eternal joys,
 Where fear disturbs not, nor possession cloy's :
 Press eager onward to those blissful plains,
 Where one unbounded spring for ever reigns !

THE BEE, THE ANT, AND THE SPARROW.

A FABLE.

ON a bright dewy summer's morn,
 A Bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn ;
 Studious to husband ev'ry hour,
 And make the most of ev'ry flow'r.
 Nimble from stalk to stalk she flies,
 And loads with yellow wax her thighs :
 With which the artist builds her comb,
 And keeps all tight and warm at home :

Or from the cowslip's golden bells
 Sucks honey to enrich her cells ;
 Or every tempting rose pursues,
 Or sips the lily's fragrant dew ;
 Yet never robs the shining bloom,
 Or of its beauty or perfume.
 Thus she discharg'd, in every way,
 The various duties of the day.

It chanc'd a frugal Ant was near,
 Whose brow was wrinkled o'er with care :
 A great economist was she,
 Nor less laborious than the Bee :
 By prudent parents often taught
 What ills arise from want of thought ;
 That poverty on sloth attends,
 On poverty, the loss of friends.
 Hence ev'ry day the Ant is found,
 With anxious steps to tread the ground :
 With curious search to trace the grain,
 And drag the heavy load with pain.

The active Bee with pleasure saw
 The Ant fulfill her parent's law.
 Ah ! sister-labourer, says she,
 How very fortunate are we,
 Who taught in infancy to know
 The comforts which from labour flow.

Are independent of the Great,
Nor know the wants of pride and state !

Why is our food so very sweet ?

Because we earn before we eat.

Why are our wants so very few ?

Because we nature's calls pursue.

Whence our complacency of mind ?

Because we act our parts assign'd.

Have we incessant tasks to do ?

Is not all nature busy too ?

Doth not the sun, with constant pace,

Persist to run his annual race ?

Do not the stars, which shine so bright,

Renew their courses every night ?

Doth not the ox obedient bow

His patient neck, and draw the plough ?

Or when did e'er the generous steed,

Withhold his labour, or his speed ?

If you all nature's system scan,

The only idle thing is Man.

A wanton Sparrow long'd to hear

Their sage discourse, and straight drew near :

The bird was talkative and loud,

And very pert, and very proud :

As worthless and as vain a thing,

Perhaps, as ever wore a wing.

She found, as on a spray she sat,

The little friends were close in chat :

That virtue was their favourite theme,
 And toil and probity their scheme :
 She thought them arrant prudes at best.
 Such talk was hateful to her breast ;
 When to display her naughty mind,
 Hunger with cruelty combin'd,
 She view'd the Ant with savage eyes,
 And hopt and hopt to snatch her prize.
 The Bee, who watch'd her opening bill,
 And guess'd her fell design to kill ;
 Ask'd her from whence her anger rose,
 And why she treated Ants as foes ?

The Sparrow her reply began..
 And thus the conversation ran.

Whenever I'm disposed to dine,
 I think the whole creation mine ;
 That I'm a bird of high degree,
 And every insect made for me.
 Hence oft I search the emmet-brood ;
 For emmets are delicious food :
 And oft in wantonness and play,
 I slay ten thousand in a day.

A prowling cat the miscreant spies,
 And wide expands her amber eyes ;
 Near and more near Grimalkin draws ;
 She wags her tail, portends her paws :

Then springing on her thoughtless prey,
She bore the vicious bird away.

Thus in her cruelty and pride,
The wicked, wanton Sparrow, dy'd.

AN AUTUMNAL REFLECTION.

IN fading grandeur, lo ! the trees
Their tarnish'd honours shed ;
While every leaf-compelling breeze
Lays their dim verdure dead.

Ere long the genial breath of Spring,
Shall all their charms renew :
And flow'rs, and fruits and foliage bring,
All-pleasing to the view !

Not such is man's appointed fate :
One spring alone he knows ;
One summer, one autumnal state,
One winter's dead repose.

Yet, not the dreary sleep of death.
Shall e'er his pow'rs destroy ;
But man shall draw immortal breath,
In endless pain or joy.

Important thought—Ye mortals ! hear
On what your peace depends ;
The voice of truth invites your ear,
And this the voice she sends :

- ‘ When virtue glows with youthful charms,
 ‘ How bright the vernal skies !
- ‘ When virtue, like the summer, warms,
 ‘ What golden harvests rise !
- ‘ When vices spring without controul,
 ‘ What bitter fruits appear !
 A wintry darkness wraps the soul,
 ‘ And horrors close the year.
- ‘ Let youths to virtue’s shrine repair,
 ‘ And men their tribute bring ;
- ‘ Old age shall drop its load of care,
 ‘ And death shall lose its sting.
- ‘ Borne upward on seraphic wing,
 ‘ Their happy souls shall soar,
 ‘ And there enjoy eternal spring,
 ‘ Nor fear a winter more.

WINTER.

BLEAK o’er the plain, the winds tremendous blow,

Of purest white the fleecy shower descends ;
 The ice-arrested stream forgets to flow,
 And all its horrors rig’rous winter lends,

Now ye, who fortune’s various gifts enjoy,
 Who bask in sunshine of her warmest rays ;

Ye whom nor tempest, cold, nor want, annoy,
 Whose days glide on in affluence and ease;
 Let not your heart by gaiety misled,
 Be rendered callous to the tale of woe;
 But clothe the naked, give the hungry bread,
 Forbid the tears of wretchedness to flow.
 For know, your fortune is the gift of Heav'n:
 But not by Heav'n for you alone design'd;
 In trust for generous purposes 'twas given,
 And proves a blessing to a generous mind.

HUMANITY.

AH me! how little knows the human heart,
 The pleasing task of soft'ning others woe:
 Stranger to joys that pity can impart,
 And tears sweet sympathy can teach to flow!
 Pity the man who hears the moving tale
 Unmov'd; to whom the heart-felt glow's
 unknown,
 On whom the widow's plaints could ne'er pre-
 vail,
 Nor made the good man's injur'd cause his
 own.
 The splendid dome, the vaulted roof to rear,
 The glare of pride and pomp, be grandeur
 thine;

To wipe from misery's eye the falling tear,
 And sooth the oppressed orphan's woes, be
 mine.

Be mine the blush of modest worth to spare ;
 To change to smiles affliction's rising sigh :
 The kindred warmth of charity to share,
 Till joy shall sparkle from the tear-fill'd eye.
 Can the loud laugh, the mirth-inspiring bowl,
 The dance or choral song, or jocund glee,
 Affect the glowing, sympathizing soul,
 Or warm the breast, HUMANITY, like thee ?

THE AFRICAN.

O YE! whose hearts are steel'd against distress,
 Who e'en your fellow creatures can oppress ;
 Say, by what laws does Sable yield to White ;
 And whence, o'er Africs harmless sons, thy right
 To seize and haul them from their native shore,
 Force them to toil to swell a master's store ?
 To break the dearest, strongest ties of life,
 Rend from the husband's arms the much-lov'd
 wife ?

The tender youth, from parents snatch'd away
 O'er sable nations might have held the sway,
 Perhaps some princess to an empire born,
 Sad change of state ! from friends and country
 torn,

To bear th' oppressive yoke, to feel the thong,
And drag a weight of misery along!

Were they not made by that Creator's hand,
Who form'd the natives of a fairer land?

Are not their species and our own the same,
In colour only differing, not in name?

By nature are they not endu'd with pow'r's,
Affections, feelings, sense and life like ours?

And shall we rob them of the bliss design'd
By Heav'n, the common right of all mankind?
Of liberty, to ev'ry soul most dear?

Oh Britons! blush. No more the censure bear:
Then shall our land with added greatness rise,
Blest by the mighty Pow'r who rules the skies;
In whose esteem the swarthy Ethiop stands,
High as the fairest sons of Europe's lands.

O come, sweet MERCY, angel-form! divine!
Deign o'er the world with softest beams to shine;
Let heav'n-inspir'd Philanthropy increase,
And thro' each realm spread Liberty and Peace.

ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

SAY, lordly Man, of pow'rs possest,
Beyond what other creatures know;
Say, can the mind with reason blest,
A want of feeling show?

To thy domain all beasts belong :

Yet why so merciless thy sway ?

Why to the harmless, useful throng,

Such cruelty betray ?

There's nought that spreads in air its wings,

That crops the grass, or skims the main,

But what its accusation brings,

And does of man complain.

The bird laments its plunder'd nest ;

Her mate shot breathless at her side :

“ A pair ” she cries, “ thus fondly blest,

“ Shall sportive hands divide ? ”

The patient ass, or nobler horse,

Who ne'er to man their aid refuse ;

Can tyrant man, without remorse,

Unfeelingly abuse ?

Nor these alone their claims assert :

Each guiltless creature you oppress,

Appeals to every feeling heart,

For pity and redress.

Is't not enough, vain mortal, say,

Their lives to feed thee myriads give ;

But must thou with unfeeling sway,

Distress them while they live ?

'Tis not for this the Lord of all,

His creatures to thy pow'r subjects ;

For thy revenge, or sport to fall,
As folly's choice directs.

Let all thy kind compassion share,
Through nature's universal frame;
Whatever breathes thy kindred air,
Or feels the vital flame.

ON HAPPINESS.

OH Happiness! thou great and only end,
To which our wishes and our labours tend;
How art thou found, or in what distant land?
Can riches buy thee, or can power command?
No! happiness nought outward can bestow;
But on ourselves depends our bliss or woe.
The like events in life occur to all:
The bad oft flourish, while the virtuous fall.
Yet vice is wretched e'en while it succeeds,
And virtue still is happy though it bleeds,
Approving conscience yields a secret joy,
Which fortune cannot give, nor yet destroy:
To act thy part aright to thee is given;
Be this thy care; the rest belongs to Heaven.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

SINCE trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our mis'ry from our foibles springs;

Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
 And few can save, or serve, but all can please ;
 Oh ! let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
 A small unkindness is a great offence.

Large bounties to bestow, we wish in vain :
 But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
 To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
 High pow'r to grace them, or to crown with
 health,

Our little lot denies ! but Heav'n decrees
 To all the gift of minist'ring to ease :
 The gentle offices of patient love,
 Beyond all flatt'ry, and all price above.
 The mild forbearance of another's fault ;
 The taunting word suppress'd as soon as thought ;
 On these Heav'n bade the sweets of life depend,
 And crush'd ill fortune when it made a Friend.

A solitary blessing few can find :
 Our joys with those we love are intertwin'd ;
 And he whose wakeful tenderness removes
 Th' obstructing thorn which wounds the breast
 he loves,
 Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
 But scatters roses to adorn his own.
 Small slights, contempt, neglect, unmix'd with
 hate,
 Make up in numbers what they want in weight :

These and a thousand griefs minute as these,
Corrode our comforts, and destroy our peace.

THE FRIEND.

HE is a Friend, who scorns the little sphere
Of narrow self, and finds a joy sincere
To see another blest ; whose gen'rous heart
To all around, would happiness impart,
If happiness were his : whose bosom glows
With warmth, the frozen stoic never knows.
If griefs oppress, or threat'ning woes impend,
Dear solace then, to find a real Friend !
He is a real Friend, whose passions know
The anguish of communicated woe ;
Who feels the deep distress when sorrow mourns
And from his inmost heart the sigh returns.
The kindred sigh conveys a strange relief :
How soothing is society in grief !
Less are the woes, and lighter are the cares,
Which gentle sympathizing friendship shares.
When humbly at the throne of grace we bend,
And ask its kindest blessings for a friend :
When for a friend our warmest wishes rise,
In holy breathings to the pitying skies ;
The sacred precept warrants those desires,
And Heav'n will sure approve what Heav'n
inspires.

O may I make my friend's distress my own,
 Nor let my heart, unhappy, grieve alone :
 In sorrow, may I never want a Friend,
 Nor when the wretched mourn, a tear to lend.

THE CONTENTED PAIR.

IF solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breast this jewel lies ;
 And they are fools who roam :
 The world has nothing to bestow :
 From our own selves our joys must flow ;
 And peace begins at home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
 When, with impatient wing, she left
 That safe retreat, the ark :

Giving her vain excursion o'er,
 The disappointed bird, once more,
 Explor'd the sacred bark.

Our portion is not large, indeed ;
 But then, how little do we need !
 For nature's calls are few :

In this the art of living lies,
 To wish no more than may suffice,
 And make that little do.

We'll therefore, relish with content,
 Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
 Nor aim beyond our power :

And if our store be very small,
 With thankful hearts enjoy it all,
 Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
 Patient when favours are deny'd,
 And pleas'd with favours given :
 Dear MIRA, this is wisdom's part ;
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance reaches heav'n.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we'll go :
 Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe,
 With cautious steps we'll tread :
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead :

While Conscience, like a faithful Friend,
 Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath ;
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind Angel, whisper peace,
 And smooth the bed of death.

THE FIELD MOUSE.

A FABLE.

A MOUSE, the sleekest of the train,
 That ever stole the farmer's grain,

Grew tir'd of acorns, wheat and pease,
 And long'd to feed on savoury cheese.
 A travell'd sir, a mouse of spirit,
 Endow'd with wit, but little merit,
 In evil hour a visit paid,
 And turn'd his inexperience'd head,
 With stories of I know not what—
 The comforts of the shepherd's cot ;
 The plenty of the farmer's barn,
 And granaries replete with corn ;
 But most the luxury and waste
 Of houses own'd by men of taste,
 Where a man-cook consumes the meat,
 Yet leaves enough for MICE to eat ;
 And in whose pantry, cheese and ham,
 Invite a colony to cram.
 The longing Mouse the story hears ;
 He feels alternate hopes and fears.
 His friend's advice he dares pursue,
 And bids his rural friends adieu.

When night her sable curtain spread,
 And all was silent as the dead,
 Our hero crept along the way
 His friend had pointed out by day :
 And ent'ring at the cellar door,
 Ascended to the pantry floor.
 Behind a table there he lies,
 And thinks himself secure and wise :

At morn a plenteous scene appears,
 Enough to serve him many years :
 (The reliques of a sumptuous dinner,
 Are tempting to a young beginner)
 He peeps, and thinks he may come out,
 To taste a bit, and look about :
 No foe appears, and bolder grown,
 He views the treasure as his own ;
 Then sallying forth in open day,
 Eats all that comes within his way.
 But soon the greasy cook is seen—
 The mouse looks pitiful and mean ;
 Scouts from the dresser in a fright,
 Yet does not 'scape his watchful sight.
 The knaw'd remains of viands rare,
 Are taken from the shelf with care,
 And in their place a TRAP is set,
 To make the thief repay the debt.
 The mouse, at evening, dares to peep,
 And thinks his foe is fast asleep :
 The savoury cheese his fancy draws,
 Within the TRAP's unfeeling jaws.
 He finds too late his error there,
 And dies within the fatal snare :
 A victim unto bad advice,
 A lesson to imprudent mice,
 Who, discontented with their home,
 To gayer scenes desire to roam.

VIRTUE AND ORNAMENT.

THE diamond's and the ruby's rays,
 Shine with a milder, finer flame,
 More please the eye, and gain our praise
 Than beauty's self, if lost to fame.
 But the sweet tear in pity's eye,
 Outshines the diamond's brightest beams ;
 And the soft blush of modesty,
 More precious than the ruby seems,
 The glowing gem, the sparkling stone,
 May strike the sight with quick surprize :
 But TRUTH and INNOCENCE alone,
 Have charms to win the good and wise.
 No glitt'ring ornament, or show,
 Will ought avail in grief or pain :
 Only from inward worth can flow
 Delight that ever shall remain.

THE BLIND BOY.

O SAY, what is that thing call'd Light,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy ?
 What are the blessings of the sight ?
 O tell your poor blind boy !
 You talk of wond'rous things you see,
 You say the sun shines bright ;

I feel him warm, but how can he,
Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play ;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe ;
But sure with Patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have,
My cheer of mind destroy ;
While thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

A BIRTH-DAY THOUGHT.

CAN I, all-gracious Providence !
Can I deserve thy care ?

Ah ! no ; I've not the least pretence,
To bounties which I share.

Have I not been defended still,
From dangers and from death ;
Been safe preserv'd from ev'ry ill—
Since thou didst give me breath.

I live once more to see the day
That brought me first to light :

Oh! teach my willing heart the way,
To take thy mercies right.

Though dazzling splendour, pomp, and show,
My fortune has denied;
Yet, more than grandeur can bestow,
Content hath well supplied.

No strife has e'er disturb'd my peace,
No mis'ries have I known;
And that I'm bless'd with health and ease,
With humble thanks I own.

I envy no one's birth or fame,
Their titles, train, or dress;
Nor has my pride e'er stretch'd its aim,
Beyond what I possess.

I ask and wish not to appear
More beauteous, rich, or gay;
LORD, make me wiser ev'ry year,
And better every day.

THE ANTS AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

‘He that will not work, let him not eat’ 2 Thes. iii. 10.

THE ANTS, a prudent, painful train,
Brought forth, and dry'd their heaps of grain.
A GRASSHOPPER, half-starv'd, went by,
Who bow'd, and begg'd their charity:

To whom a hoary Ant reply'd,
 ' In harvest, how's your time employ'd ? '
 ' I sing,' the insect said, ' and play,
 ' To make the labouring peasants gay.'
 ' Ah ! ' cry'd the Ant, ' how just the chance !
 ' As then you sung, you now may dance.
 ' In vain you here for food apply ;
 ' I'll feed no idle folks, not I.'

THE GOLDFINCH AND THE CRICKET.

A FABLE.

IN a fair valley stood a cot ;
 Who liv'd within, it matters not :
 Their cheer was good, and good their fire,
 As any Cricket could desire.
 Of these there rose a num'rous race,
 And flourish'd in that peaceful place.
 At length, a Cricket did arise.
 In voice and beauty, strength and size,
 So very much above the rest,
 All his superior grace confest.

Thus daily flatter'd, prais'd, admir'd,
 His little soul with pride was fir'd :
 He vain, and self-conceited grew :
 Nor thought they gave him half his due :
 Fancy'd no bird could sing so fine,
 Nor yet, in beauty, brighter shine.

In the same cot a Goldfinch hung,
Which ev'ry day melodious sung :
By nature's hand all gayly drest,
In party-colour'd, shining vest :
The reptile, with keen envy stung,
Oft gaz'd and listen'd while he sung.

One day the cot deserted lay :
Both family, and dog away ;
No sound was heard but Dicky's note,
Who sweetly swell'd his downy throat.
The Cricket heard, and up he peep'd ;
The coast seem'd clear, so out he leap'd ;
Vainly puff'd up with pamper'd pride,
Thus to the beauteous bird he cried.

Proud thing ! thy noise, I prithee cease,
And let the house remain in peace.
Perhaps because aloft thou'rt rais'd,
'Cause daily fed, and daily prais'd,
Thou think'st thy voice more sweet than mine,
And that thy beauties brighter shine.
But know, I am so wond'rous fair,
No Cricket can with me compare ;
In strength and size, superior found,
No Cricket half so high can bound.
Thy frightful legs, and hideous claws,
Are quite unlike my pretty paws.

And know, thou monst'rous painted thing,
 I, sweet and loud as thou, can sing.
 With that, he rais'd his hideous note,
 And almost rent his shrieking throat ;
 Then leap'd so high, at ev'ry stroke,
 His slender legs he almost broke.

The Crickets heard, with strange surprise,
 Their comrade's voice tremendous rise :
 So young and old came peeping out,
 And saw him wildly frisk about ;
 Admir'd the monstrous leaps he made,
 And one and all, pronounc'd him mad.

The lovely bird, devoid of pride,
 With placid air, unmov'd, reply'd ;
 Poor silly, self-conceited thing !
 Like me thou can'st not look, nor sing.
 Know, fool, all who from nature stray,
 Resolv'd to shine a different way,
 Attempt to force what she denies,
 And, spite of her, be fair or wise,
 Her council with disdain reject,
 And what she never meant, affect,
 Ne'er fail to make themselves a jest :
 To FOLLOW NATURE's always best.
 Folly were rare, did SHE but rule :
 'Tis affectation makes the fool.
 The lowest creatures ever seen ;
 Though poor in parts, in person mean ;

If close they follow Nature's rules,
 Are ne'er despis'd, except by fools.
 Then, prithee, poor conceited elf,
 Retire, and learn to know thyself;
 Contented rest with Nature's will,
 And be a shrieking Cricket still.

Thus spoke the bird, but spoke in vain :
 The reptile heard him with disdain :
 And, no surprise ; for wisdom's rules,
 Are always thrown away on fools.

The Cricket with these truths was stung ;
 Rage choak'd his words, and ty'd his tongue ;
 Madly he leap'd, with pride elate,
 Regardless of impending fate ;
 Nor once observ'd a watchful Cat,
 Who in a corner slily sat.

Puss ey'd him, as he madly hopp'd,
 And soon as in her reach he dropp'd,
 With eager, sudden, well-aim'd spring,
 She bounc'd npon the vaunting thing ;
 One shriek he gave with parting breath,
 And sunk in everlasting death.

Thus to his folly and his pride,
 The silly wretch a victim dy'd ;
 Content with Nature, had he rested,
 He had not been by Puss molested.

THE DROWNING FLY.

N yonder glass, behold a drowning fly !
 Its little feet, how vainly does it ply !
 Poor helpless insect ! and will no one save ?
 Will no one snatch thee from the threat'ning
 grave ?

My finger's top shall prove a friendly shore :
 There, trembler, all thy dangers now are o'er ;
 Wipe thy wet wings, and banish all thy fear ;
 Go, join thy num'rous kindred in the air.
 Away it flies, resumes its harmless play,
 And lightly gambols in the golden ray.

Smile not, spectators, at this humble deed,
 For you, perhaps, a nobler task's decreed :
 A young and sinking family to save ;
 Toraise the thoughtless from destruction's wave !
 To you, for help, the wretched lift their eyes :
 Oh ! hear, for pity's sake, their plaintive cries ;
 Ere long, unless some guardian interpose,
 O'er their devoted heads, the floods may close.

THE TWO DIAMONDS.

A CURIOUS cab'net open flew,
 And gave its treasures to my view.
 Here butterflies, a beauteous band,
 The plumage of their wings expand :
 Here shells were rang'd in ample store,
 Ransack'd from every sea and shore.

A cell distinguish'd from the rest,
 Two Diamonds, of great worth possess;
 One cut with care, and polish'd fine;
 The other rough from nature's mine,
 The unwrought Stone, in language clear,
 Thus seem'd to say in Fancy's ear:
 Ah! sister gem, amaz'd, I see,
 The diff'rence now 'tween you and me:
 Time was, when far remov'd from day,
 Deep in Golconda's mine we lay,
 In equal rudeness, side by side,
 Unknown to fame, unseen by pride:
 But now, and truth must own it due,
 All admiration falls on you.
 While you, in ev'ry change of light,
 Refulgent flash upon the sight;
 What eye but joys to meet your rays!
 What tongue but wantons in your praise!
 The polish'd Diamond, void of pride,
 In modest accents thus reply'd:
 The bright perfections which you see,
 Are native both to you and me:
 Nature to both alike was kind,
 And both for equal ends design'd.
 But know, though nature forms with ease,
 'Tis art must give the power to please.
 The artist, with assiduous care,
 Proportion'd fine, and polish'd fair,

Call'd into life each brilliant hue,
 And wak'd the lightning that you view.
 But Oh ! had chance withheld her skill,
 I had remain'd unnotic'd still.
 The time may come when you shall shine
 With lustre far surpassing mine.

My lovely Friend, you here may find
 An emblem of the human mind.
 Uneducated Nature's child,
 Is ignorant, and rude, and wild :
 To Reason's power has small pretence ;
 Ideas few, but those of sense.
 BUT EDUCATION, heav'nly art !
 Does every needful aid impart ;
 And, with a gentle pow'r controul
 Each wayward passion of the soul :
 It gives the virtues, gives their grace,
 Adds beauties to the fairest face :
 It gives a thousand charms to shine,
 And makes the human soul divine.

THE WISH.

GIVE me, kind Heaven, the middle state,
 Not meanly poor, nor proudly great !
 I ask not wealth ; no power I crave ;
 Let me not have, nor be, a slave,
 The duty I to others owe,
 Teach thou, my erring heart, to know.

Yet let me never anxious be,
 For duty others owe to me ;
 But think, e'er I too much expect,
 What higher duties I neglect.
 Less let me others errors mind,
 Than those within myself I find ;
 Averse to make their foibles known,
 As careful to conceal my own :
 And lest I do another wrong,
 Restrain the licence of my tongue.
 The ills, as mortal, I must share,
 Make me, without repining, bear,
 Convinc'd the sinful cause is mine,
 The merciful chastisement thine.
 On every fellow-creature's woe,
 Let me a ready tear bestow :
 Nor be so much of want afraid,
 As not to give my little aid.
 When poverty, with trembling hand,
 Makes, in thy name, its meek demand.
 When innocence gives laughter birth,
 Let me not check the harmless mirth ;
 Yet speed the voice that kindly cries—
 ' Mortals, be MERRY and be WISE ! '
 O gracious Heaven, these blessings give—
 I care not where, but HOW I live !

E P I T A P H S.



THE CHURCH-YARD.

FROM scenes of folly, mirth of fools,
 Ye idle here repair,
 Where wisdom, yet untaught in schools,
 Embalms this calmer air.

Here pride has struck her lofty sail,
 That rov'd the world around ;
 Here roseate beauty, cold and pale,
 Has lost the power to wound.

Alas! no pleasing objects here,
 The perish'd sense invite ;
 No music charms the tuneful ear,
 No colours strike the sight.

Within this silent spot of peace,
 What numbers lie comprest !
 The wicked here from troubling cease,
 The weary here find rest.

Here let me muse, and wrapt in thought,
 The realms of death survey,
 Till, by the view, reflective, taught,
 I learn to live to-day.

How vain is life ! to-morrow's dawn,
 Perhaps, I ne'er may see :
 Between, how slight the curtain drawn,
 Eternity and me !

Indulgent GOD ! whatever share
 Of fleeting life I prove ;
 Oh ! be it still my foremost care
 To gain thy guardian love.

That so, when this dissolving frame
 Shall mingle with the dust ;
 Preserv'd, my better part, may claim
 A portion with the just.

Imprison'd in this house of clay,
 The soul, dejected, sighs ;
 By death releas'd, she soars away,
 And seeks her native skies.

ON AN INFANT.

BENEATH, a sleeping infant lies ;
 To earth her body's lent :
 More glorious she'll hereafter rise,
 Though not more innocent.

When the Archangel's trump shall blow,
 And souls to bodies join,
 Millions will wish their lives below,
 Had been as short as thine !

IN CHISWICK CHURCH, ON A YOUTH
 AGED 15.

IF in the morn of life, each winning grace,
 The converse sweet, the mind-illumin'd face,
 The lively wit, that charm'd with early art,
 And mild affections streaming from the heart ;
 If these, lov'd Youth ! could check the hand
 of fate,
 Thy matchless worth had claim'd a longer date.
 But thou art blest, while here we heave the
 sigh ;
 Thy death is virtue wafted to the sky,
 Yet still thy image fond affection keeps,
 The sire remembers, and the mother weeps ;
 Still the friend grieves, who saw thy vernal
 bloom,
 And here, sad task ! inscribes it on thy tomb.

ON A YOUNG NAN AGED 20.

IN youth's gay prime a thousand joys I sought ;
 But Heav'n and an immortal soul forgot ;

In manhood's dawn, a kind and friendly rod,
Which chastened long, taught me to know my
GOD:

I bless'd the change with my expiring breath,
And life ascrib'd to that which wrought my
death.

IN PANCRASS CHURCH-YARD, ON MISS BASNET.

GO, spotless Honour and unsullied Truth;
Go, smiling Innocence and blooming Youth;
Go, female Sweetness, unassuming Sense;
Go, winning Wit, that never gave offence;
Go, soft Humanity, that blest the poor;
Go, saint-ey'd Patience, from Affliction's door;
Go, Modesty that never wore a frown;
Go, Virtue, and receive thy heavenly crown.
Not from a stranger comes this heart-felt verse:
The Friend inscribes thy tomb whose tears
bedew'd thy hearse.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

IF ever Poet breathe a generous strain,
If ever Pity heave the tend'rest sighs,
It is when virtuous youth is doom'd to pain;
It is when blooming beauty droops and dies.
But if with youth, with beauty, were combin'd
The sweetest flow'r of genius opn'ning fair,

The softest manners, and the purest mind ;
 Heroes might weep, and Saints let fall a tear.
 Take then, O Earth ! take to thy clay-cold bed ;
 Beauty and youth, as rich as earth can send ;
 And take the tear (tear softer ne'er was shed)
 Of Father, Mother, Brother, Sister, Friend.
 But long thou must not hold that beauteous clay ;
 That virtuous maid, more lovely still, shall
 rise :

What's born of Heav'n shall spring to endless
 day :

Beauty may fade, but Virtue never dies.

IN WIMBLEDON CHURCH-YARD, ON A YOUNG
 LADY.

STAY, Christian, stay ; nor let thy haste pro-
 fane

This humble stone, that tells thee life is vain :
 Here beauty lies, in mould'ring ruins lost,
 A blossom nipt by death's untimely frost :
 Unwarn'd, yet unsurpriz'd, found on her guard,
 Like a wise Virgin watching for her Lord.
 In life's sweet op'ning dawn she sought her God,
 And the gay path of youth with caution trod :
 In bloom of beauty, humbly turn'd aside
 The incense flattery offer'd to her pride.
 Her front with blushing modesty she bound ;
 And on her lips the law of truth was found :

Fond to oblige, too gentle to offend;
 Belov'd by all, to all the good, a friend:
 The bad she censur'd by her life alone;
 Blind to their faults, severe upon her own:
 In others joys and griefs a part she bore,
 And with the needy shar'd her little store:
 At distance saw the world with pious dread,
 And to GOD's temple for protection fled;
 There sought that peace which Heav'n alone
 can give,
 And learn'd to die, ere others learn to live.
 Tho' clos'd those eyes, by which all hearts
 were charm'd;
 Though every feature, of each grace disarm'd;
 Yet think not that her piety was vain:
 Her soul survives, her virtues still remain;
 O'er vanquish'd death th' immortal Saint pre-
 vails,
 And op'ning Heav'n the new-born Angel hails.

ON MRS. GROVE: BY HER HUSBAND.

GRIEF, Love, and Gratitude, devote this
 stone

To her whose virtues blest a Husband's life,
 When late in duty's sphere she mildly shone,
 As Friend, as Sister, Daughter, Mother, Wife.

In the bright morn of beauty, joy, and wealth,
 Insidious Palsy near his victim drew ;
 Dash'd from her youthful hands the cup of
 health,
 And round her limbs his numbing fetters
 threw.

Year after year her christian firmness strove
 To check the rising sigh, the tear repress,
 Sooth with soft smiles the fears of anxious love,
 And Heav'n's correcting hand in silence bless.

Thus tried her faith, and thus prepar'd her heart,
 The awful call, at length, th' Almighty gave :
 She heard—resign'd to linger or depart—
 Bow'd her meek head, and sunk into the grave.

IN BUNHILL-FIELDS, ON MRS. REBECCA
 HUCKELL, AGED 40.

RELIGION's paths she early trod,
 Endear'd to friends, belov'd of GOD :
 The life consistent, heart sincere,
 Her piety was rooted there ;
 Her death demands the friendly tear.
 Though call'd to bear a heavy load,
 No murmurs heard against her GOD :
 Conscious of his paternal care,
 Her mind compos'd, her prospects clear ;

In view of bliss above the skies,
Both grateful, and resign'd she dies.

WALCOT CHURCH, BATH, ON MRS. K. PORTER,
AGED 46.

IN vain would every human record trace,
Th' expressive features of her lovely face :
Tell how. with happiest art, she knew to blend
The sage instructor with th' endearing friend :
How zeal, to strengthen every social tie,
Smil'd on her lip, and sparkled in her eye :
How husband, children, friends, domestics join'd
To love her person, and revere her mind.
Such frail memorials ruthless time invades :
The tombstone moulders, and the writing fades ;
But Heaven-recorded virtues time defy :
Bloom on the tree of life, and never die.

ON A GOOD WOMAN, WHO DIED IN LOW CIR-
CUMSTANCES, AFTER LONG AFFLICTION.

IN labours constant as the rising day,
Hardly she liv'd, but in an honest way :
Crown'd was her table with no sumptuous fare,
But, sweet each meal, for sweet content was
there.

What's rarely found, was hers, that pious part,
To live on little with a thankful heart ;

Still thankful ev'n when life's best blessing fled,
 And princely dainties had been bitter bread.
 Thro' nine long years, by sore affliction tried,
 Patience grew perfect, and the suff'rer died;
 She left her neighbours, relatives, the poor,
 No legacies of gold; but left them more;
 Left them a pearl not empires can supply,
 A fair example how to live and die.

ON A POOR HONEST MAN.

STOP Reader! here, and deign a look
 On one without a name;
 Ne'er enter'd in the ample book
 Of fortune or of fame.
 Studious of peace, he hated strife,
 Meek virtues fill'd his breast;
 His coat of arms, a spotless life;
 An honest heart, his crest.
 Quarter'd therewith was innocence:
 And thus his motto ran;
 'A conscience void of all offence,
 'Before both GOD and Man.'
 In the great day of wrath, though pride
 Now scorn his pedigree;
 Thousands shall wish they'd been ally'd
 To this great family.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S, NORWICH. ON MRS.
PRISCILLA SPURRELL, AGED 60.

'T IS MINE to-day to moulder in the tomb ;
To-morrow may THY awful summons come.
Thus frail, yet sleep secure! awake, or know,
Thy dreams will terminate in endless woe :
Wake, and contend for Heav'n's immortal prize,
And give to GOD each moment as it flies.
Serene, then, may'st thou recollect the past,
And with a sacred transport meet the last.

ON A LADY,

Who in the Course of a long Life, was an eminent Ex-
ample of active Benevolence.

I N her, whose relics mark this sacred earth,
Shone all domestic, and all social worth.
Heav'n to industrious virtue blessings lent,
And all was competence, and all content.

Tho' frugal care, in wisdom's eye admir'd,
Knew to preserve what industry acquir'd :
Yet, at her board, with decent plenty blest,
The journeying stranger sat a welcome guest.
Prest on all sides, did trading neighbours fear
Ruin, which hung on exigence severe?
Farewell the friend who spar'd th' assistant loan;
A neighbour's woe or welfare was her own.

Did piteous Lazars oft attend her door?
 She gave.—Farewell the Parent of the poor.
 Youth, Age, and Want, once cheer'd, now
 sighing, swell,
 Bless her lov'd name, and weep a long farewell.

THE ADDRESS OF A GENTLEMAN'S SCULL,
 PLACED ON A PILLAR.

WHY start! this case will thine be very soon,
 In some few years, perhaps the coming moon.
 Life, at its utmost length is scarce a breath,
 And those who longest dream, must wake in
 death.

Like thee, I once thought every bliss secure,
 And GOLD of every ill the certain cure:
 Till plung'd in sorrow, and besieg'd with pain,
 Too late I found all earthly riches vain.
 Disease made fruitless every sordid fee,
 And Death still answer'd, 'What is gold to me?'
 FAME, titles, honours, next I vainly sought,
 And fools obsequious, nurs'd each childish
 thought.

Elate with brib'd applause, and purchas'd praise,
 I built on endless grandeur, endless days:
 'Till death awoke me from my dream of pride,
 And laid a prouder beggar by my side.
 PLEASURE I courted, and indulg'd my taste;
 The banquet smil'd, and smil'd the gay repast.

A loathsome carcase was my only care,
 And worlds were ransack'd but for me to share.
 Go on, vain man ! to luxury be firm ;
 Yet know, thou featest but to feast a worm.

Already sure, less terrible I seem ;
 Like me, thou sure wilt own, that life's a dream :
 Farewell ! remember, nor my words despise,
 ' The only happy are the EARLY WISE.

THE ADDRESS OF A LADY'S SCULL, PLACED
 ON A PILLAR NEAR THE FORMER.

BLUSH not, ye Fair, to own me, but be wise ;
 Nor turn from sad mortality your eyes.
 Fame says, and fame alone can tell how true,
 I once was lovely, and belov'd like you.
 Where are my vot'ries—where my flatt'ers
 now ?

Gone with the subject of each lover's vow.
 Adieu the roses red, and lilies white,
 Adieu those eyes, which make the darkness
 light :

No more, alas ! that coral lip is seen,
 No longer breathes the fragrant gale between.
 Turn from your mirror, and behold in me,
 At once what thousands can't, or dare not see.

Unvarnish'd, I the real truth impart,
 Nor here am plac'd but to direct the heart.
 Survey me well, ye fair ones, and believe,
 The grave may terrify, but can't deceive.
 On beauty's fragile base no more depend:
 Here youth and pleasure, age and sorrow end;
 Here drops the mask—here shuts the final
 scene,
 Nor differs grave threescore from gay fifteen.
 All press alike to that same goal, the tomb,
 Where wrinkled Laura smiles at Chloe's bloom.
 When coxcombs flatter, and when fools adore,
 Learn here the lesson, to be vain no more.
 Yet virtue still against decay can arm,
 And even lend mortality a charm.

THE END.

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N. B. Where no NAMES are inserted, the Pieces are either original, or the Authors not known to the EDITOR.

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